

# COUNTRY LIFE

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SPEAIGHT.

LADY HILDA STRUTT AND HER CHILDREN.

157, New Bond Street, W.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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## THE LABOURER'S COTTAGE.

**A**FTER much argument of one kind and another on the subject of the housing of farm labourers, at least one satisfactory feature has come to the surface. This is a general agreement that something ought to be done. There is a distinct scarcity of houses, and many in existence are on the verge of being uninhabitable. But when we come to consider the means that should be taken for remedying this defect, there seem to be as many divergent opinions as there are minds. Yet the problem can be reduced to simplicity. In the first place, it will be necessary to dismiss efforts that are private and voluntary in their character. The scheme adopted must be of universal application. Nor will it serve the purpose unless it results in the building of sufficient good cottages throughout the country. After very careful consideration, we are inclined to the opinion that all schemes of municipal building must be rejected. They are wrong in principle and expensive in working. No one has ever yet brought forward a valid reason for assisting agriculture out of the rates, and that in the end is what official housing comes to.

The rise in local rates in Ireland is bringing home to the rural population the fact that State housing has to be paid for. In Great Britain we may learn something from that

experience of the Sister Isle. Now at the moment, be it remembered, we are concerned only with cottages for the agricultural labourer. Even Lord Strachie, in a letter which we published last week, admits that there has to be a certain number of what he calls farm-tied cottages. The question we ask is, Why cannot all agricultural labourers be accommodated on the land they are engaged to till? This raises a further problem, which we believe to be at the very root of the evil, namely, the short engagement. The custom of short engagements undoubtedly found its origin at a time when there was a plethora of rural labour. At any rate, in the counties where other industries come into competition for the services of farm labourers the long engagement prevails. In some it is for six months, but in the majority for a year; we refer particularly to the Northern and Midland Counties. Is there any reason why outdoor servants in the South of England should not insist upon having a contract of this kind? There are many in its favour. Everybody in these days wants to keep the labourer in touch with the soil; that is to say, in addition to working for the benefit of his master, he should have his own little bit of ground to till. To make anything out of land it is very obvious that he must have at least twelve months in which to sow his seed and gather the increase. Now, already the tenant insists upon having adequate accommodation for his livestock. It is the business of the landowner to provide it, and the landowner is in this position: He is threatened with legislation that, whatever be the other objects it produces, will certainly have the effect of impoverishing him. A certain number of people are of opinion that he could be dispensed with altogether. Needless to say, that is not our view, nor the view of anyone who has taken the pains to understand the history and character of the English landed system. It has been very properly described as a partnership of three—the landlord, the tenant and the labourer. Each derives advantages from it, and each has corresponding duties and responsibilities. The labourer gives his work and in return receives his wages. The farmer devotes his experience, his knowledge and his judgment to cultivating the soil, and is repaid in the profit he makes. The landowner's share takes the form of rent; but has he not responsibilities as well? He has, and they may be described in a phrase as the duty of equipping the land and letting it ready for cultivation. He or his predecessors have drained and fenced and planted; they have built the farmer's house and the outbuildings required for the lodging of his livestock, the storing of his produce and the shelter of his implements; they have also built cottages for the labourers; surely it is to his advantage as well as being his duty to see that there are enough and to spare of these dwellings.

No estate is properly equipped unless it has adequate accommodation for the labour necessary to work it. So far, so good; but how is the owner of land to be induced to lay out money in building cottages for which there would be a doubtful return? The ideal means would, of course, be by "peaceful persuasion"; only in the case where land is returning a very low rate of interest the owner may very reasonably object that his revenue will not permit of the expenditure. If, however, the land is worth the expense of cultivation, this plea will not stand. Should the rent be so low as to justify it, the tenant might very fairly be required to pay a percentage of interest on the capital outlay. On many estates this is already done. For example, on those of the Earl of Harrowby, which we take as an example merely because, with his full permission, an account of the system was published in COUNTRY LIFE some years ago. It is found to work admirably. Where all other means failed, the Board of Agriculture might step in and provide the money at a low rate of interest, which would be the first charge on the estate. This scheme would have the additional merit, on which, unfortunately, our space does not permit us to descant at the moment, that it would have the most salutary and beneficial effect of reducing the ranks of casual labour by drawing the odd men into the regular brigades of the agricultural industry.

## Our Portrait Illustration.

**O**UR portrait illustration is of Lady Hilda Strutt and her three children. Lady Hilda Strutt is the daughter of the late Earl and the Dowager-Countess of Leinster. She married the Hon. R. J. Strutt, the eldest son of Lord Rayleigh, in 1905.

\*.\* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would send the correspondence at once to him.

# COUNTRY NOTES.



ON Monday afternoon Mr. Asquith made a declaration in the House of Commons which will give the utmost satisfaction to men of all shades of opinion. He had been asked to what extent Great Britain's action was hampered by treaties, agreements, or obligations under which the British Army might be called upon to enter into Continental strife. The question was by no means in the air, because it is no secret that very careful steering will be needed on the part of several great Powers if peace is to be maintained. The Prime Minister's declaration was to the effect that Great Britain is not under any obligation which has not been revealed to Parliament and to the public. Should hostilities occur, the Government will be free to take that course which the interests of the country seem to demand at the moment. This is the right and proper attitude for the Government of this country, especially now when the whole Empire is banding together for the duty of defence. It would be no light thing to embroil it in a European quarrel.

According to the Annual Report of the Emigration Information Office it would seem that there was, contrary to expectation, a slight decrease in the exodus from Great Britain last year to Canada, the United States and South Africa; but there were, in round numbers, 12,000 more emigrants to Australia and 1,500 more to New Zealand. It is stated that there is an increased tendency for emigrants to go to portions of the British Empire instead of to foreign countries, and it is important to notice the proportion of different nationalities that enter Canada and the other Dominions. The total number of immigrants to Canada last year was 395,804. Of these 145,859 were of British origin, 140,143 were Americans, and 109,802 were of other nationalities. The feature here is the vast number of Americans, and it would appear they are mostly of the farming class and men with capital, as the actual wealth taken into Canada by American emigrants during 1912 exceeded £4,800,000.

A local paper in Devonshire has been making enquiry into the character and extent of the emigration from that county which has been going on for some time. During the past twelve months it is calculated that 8,456 persons have left the county. The total is made up of farmers, agricultural labourers, mechanics, clerks and a few professional men, while the capital they have taken with them is estimated to be over £100,000. If our contemporary would carry the enquiry further, the public would be benefited. Assuming that by far the largest bulk of those who have gone away are agricultural labourers, what we would like to know is if the exodus has produced any scarcity. What is its effect on the demand for labour and on wages? Emigration is good only if it removes congestion and the low rate of payment which is its natural accompaniment.

It is difficult to realise that the little figure of Lady Dorothy Nevill, with the face that remained alert and eager till the very last, has disappeared for ever from London. She died on Easter Monday at her residence in Berkeley Square. Lady Dorothy, if she had lived a little longer, would have been eighty-seven, and in her person she probably embodied more both of the past and of the present than any other of her contemporaries. Her memory went back to a time when society was very different

from what it is now—that is to say, when Count D'Orsay and Disraeli were in their prime, and before the advent of the twentieth century plutocrat. But though her mind lingered over the old that she loved, it was extremely receptive of the new. Many movements owed much to her fostering care. When the Fourth Party was coming into existence, Lord Randolph Churchill and his associates used to discuss their plans when dining at her house. There, too, the plan of the Primrose League was fashioned. Even when she was an octogenarian she loved to make the acquaintance of every new-comer who was making a claim to celebrity. At one time nearly half the literary people of London used to be invited to her house. Her death means the severance of one of the few remaining bonds that unite Victorian England with the England of motor-cars and flying-machines.

There are few things in the magazines for April which will be read with more pleasure, although it will be a melancholy pleasure, than Mr. Shipley's little memoir of Edward Adrian Wilson in the *Cornhill*. It has been done with a sympathy and an imaginative power such as are seldom found united to the highest scientific attainments. The story itself is fine and touching. Wilson was an abstemious, self-disciplined man, who kept himself fit by sleeping and living in the open tells how greatly he shared in the production of the famous air, which also suited his study of hawks and owls. Mr. Shipley Grouse Report, of which he wrote about a third and drew all the beautiful coloured plates. The volumes were sent out to meet him at the base-camp. In his last letter to the Master he had said how keen he was to see "if the mail brings me a copy of the Grouse Report." The copy went all right, but he was doomed never to see it. These comments of ours are not worthy of the subject; but they may serve to send a few readers to one of the most charming character studies we have ever read.

## THE CALL.

"Shall I come to you, darling, darling?"—  
(Get up!—get up!—and come along the road)  
"Oh! forlorn am I who hear you, but how shall I come near you?  
And what's the way, my dear, to your new abode?"  
"Oh! it's low I'm lying, darling, darling!"—  
(Get up!—get up!—for the wind is rough and keen)  
"With no sheets upon my bed, and the white foam overhead  
To wash about my bones and keep them clean."  
"Is it cold you are, darling, darling?"  
(Get up!—get up!—for you must not tarry here)  
"Oh! deep in the sea's dark I'm frozen stiff and stark—  
Cold as your heart when you think of me, my dear!"

MARGARET SACKVILLE.

In a letter to the *Times* Mr. W. P. Caröe recounts an experience of the rural telephone system which he has shared with many other people. At Hambledon, in Surrey, that is about forty miles out of London, he wished to have a telephonic service, and being told that there was such a thing as a rural party line that could be obtained if there were five adherents at £3 10s. a year or seven at £3 each, he obtained the requisite number. The names included those of two farmers and a gardener. He also sent a further list of people who were likely to become subscribers if they were canvassed. After waiting several weeks, he received an official letter informing him that "the funds placed by the Treasury for the provision of rural party lines is exhausted and no further works of this nature can for the present be carried on." This seems to be a gloss on the fact that the system of party lines in rural districts was tried and proved a failure. Mr. Caröe was asked by the local canvasser of the Post Office to sign an agreement for a telephone which would have cost just about five times the cost of the other. It is a good thing that he has had the courage to make these facts public. Telephone communication at farms and country houses which are any distance from the main road is difficult to obtain and very costly. The Board of Agriculture has issued a little pamphlet explaining the convenience of the party line; but the officials there apparently do not realise what the actual facts are.

It is in every way likely that the weather which ill-fortune sent us this Eastertide will have the effect of accelerating the movement in favour of fixing what was before a movable feast. How absurd it is, when we think of it, that an exact day should be made for celebrating the birth of the Founder of Christianity, while the anniversary of His death, though celebrated by the Roman Church as having occurred at one o'clock, is kept on a



day which is taken by an arbitrary plan out of several weeks. We do not know on what principle the curious puzzle was made by which the golden number is found by adding one to the figure of the year, dividing by nineteen and making the remainder the golden number; probably very few people have ever troubled to work out the sum. Whatever might be the original reason for this operation, it fits badly into modern usage. If Easter were absolutely fixed, say, for the last week in April, we might not even then be assured of good weather for its celebration, but the chances in its favour would have been greatly increased. In our English climate the likelihood is all against good weather in the middle of March. This year it brought forth one of the most extraordinary storms experienced in these islands; a storm that had a devastating effect on the seaside and inland laid many a noble tree prone on the ground. We saw an ash which had been cast down with such tremendous force that its huge limbs were smashed into logs as if by some titanic axe. This could scarcely have occurred in holiday weather.

One characteristic of this Easter deserves to be noted. This was its extreme sobriety. Before its occurrence Mr. G. B. Wilson had produced the usual Drink Bill of the nation, from which it was made apparent that, in times of unparalleled prosperity, there has been a decided falling off in the consumption of wine, beer and spirits. Figures are not always to be trusted, but in this case they agree with the facts of common observation. Bar-drinking, which used to be a regular habit of Londoners, has experienced a great decline, as anyone may notice who is obliged to put up at a London hotel occasionally. We mean, of course, one of the old-fashioned, comfortable type, which has a bar that not so many years ago used to be crowded nightly. A great many of those who formerly haunted it have now gone to live beyond the suburbs, where such habits would bring anyone into conspicuous notice. Others have taken to open-air amusements, and the medical specialists have found out that exercise of this kind is the very best antidote to the drinking habit. Nevertheless, how the improvement has come about is a matter for speculation; the only thing certain is that this generation is drinking much less than its predecessors.

Whatever may be the military and naval arguments in favour of a Channel Tunnel (and Sir Reginald Talbot showed clearly in a recent article that they are many), the vast concourse of English folk who spend Easter on the Continent would support the project with the greatest enthusiasm. During the whole of the week the crossing was bad; indeed, on several occasions the Folkestone-Boulogne boats did not run, while those who tried the Calais-Dover route on Thursday or Saturday will not readily forget their experience. On the other hand, Easter is the very best time to visit many parts of the Continent, and those who wished to be present at the ceremonials in connection with the festival could not put off crossing indefinitely, as many people felt inclined to do. In these days of gigantic works and electric traction the engineering difficulties are by no means formidable, and the commercial gain would more than justify the expenditure, while through trains would capture the Continental tourist traffic for English ports.

A remarkably fine specimen of the fossil fish known as *Porthus molossus* has just been acquired by the Natural History Museum at South Kensington. This specimen, which came from the chalk of Kansas, measures fourteen feet in length, and is one of the most perfect examples of its kind which has yet been obtained. Yet a very different story must have been told but for the wonderful ingenuity of Dr. Sternberg, who discovered the specimen, for when he first saw it the whole fish was lying fully exposed and much the worse for the wear and tear of the elements. He achieved success when most would have failed, for he covered the whole surface with a thick layer of plaster of Paris, and when this was set dug out the whole mass of rock containing the remains. Using now the plaster as matrix, he removed the chalk from the under-side of the remains, and after months of patient work exposed the whole of the surface, which for the past million years or so had remained embedded in the rock, a feat which but few men could have achieved. *Porthus molossus* is a distant relative of the herring and the tarpon. The latter at its maximum does not exceed seven feet in length or a weight of three hundred pounds. *Porthus* was thus just double the size of the largest tarpon of which we have record.

The ways of fashion are doubtless inscrutable, and it is difficult to see the motive that is drawing so very many Britons at this season to the Riviera. The agencies by which the journey is facilitated tell us that they have never before known such a demand for tickets. Possibly the early date of Easter may have something to do with it, for many more travellers are

going to the South of France after Easter this year than they generally do; but it is also likely that in a year of abounding trade prosperity such as the country has been enjoying lately there is more spare cash than usual for conveying families abroad and paying the hotel bills. Certainly we cannot say that it is any desperate severity of winter weather that is driving Britons abroad. Another curious fact is the fashion that has sprung up this year among Englishmen of going to Pau in preference to Biarritz—to Pau the windless, instead of Biarritz the stormy. Five-and-twenty years ago Pau was by far the more favoured winter resort with Americans and English. Then Biarritz arose into a popularity which culminated with the years in which the late King used to visit it. It seems now to be losing much of that prestige, which is being transferred again to Pau. But Biarritz always has its summer season when the Russians and Spanish frequent it. That will not fail.

A notice issued lately by the Master of Hounds for the North Cotswold country is one that deserves the attention of fox-hunters in all districts. It runs thus: "The last year through is requested to shut all gates. Members should order their grooms and second horsemen to shut any gates that they may see open, whether they have passed through or not." This shutting of the gates is a very often neglected, though surely a very obvious, piece of duty to one's neighbour. Fox-hunting is always a sport which bears rather hardly upon the farmer. At the best it cannot but do that. And it is the part of the fox-hunter to see that the injury to the agricultural interest is diminished as far as possible. If gates are left open and stock are allowed to stray through them it may cost much time and labour to get them back; they may do damage to newly sown or young crops while straying, and may likely enough find their way to the high road and be a cause of the fining of their owner. Moreover, the fox-hunter's motive for keeping on good terms with the farmer is not wholly altruistic. The sport itself is much at the farmer's mercy, and depends on his goodwill and tolerance for its very life.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE (1813—1873).

Death seiz'd the traveller ere his work was done;  
Th' indomitable heart, that could subdue  
Defeat itself with hope for ever new,  
Was quell'd, and Britain mourn'd a dauntless son,  
Gentle as brave; and such the love he won,  
O'er many a league, thro' dangers slight nor few,  
His faithful followers dared their course pursue,  
Bearing the corpse which Custom taught to shun.  
He sought the springs of Nilus, but in vain,—  
And yet not all in vain, in him we found  
A type of British worth, to Duty bound,  
Deserving the success he might not gain;  
Full well he sleeps within our stateliest fane,  
Companion of the noble and renowned.

ROBERT B. BOSWELL.

With mournful regret it was learned on Tuesday night that one of the most distinguished soldiers had passed away in the person of Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley, who died at Mentone on the morning of that day. He was an octogenarian who for the last ten years had been in feeble health and therefore not much in the public eye. Before that there was no name more familiar to Englishmen. As a young and brave soldier he had come into honourable notice in the second Burmese War, in the Crimea and in India. Full of dash and energy, when fighting was going on he was constantly in the thick of it, and the greatest wonder about him was that he lived to attain to any high rank in the Army. Many times he was wounded, and once at least he was given up for dead. In 1873 it was decided to send an expedition to Cape Coast to punish the Ashantis for the invasion of the Fanti Protectorate, and Sir Garnet Wolseley, as he was then, was placed in command. The thoroughness and rapidity with which operations were conducted won universal praise for the Army and its leader. Honours were heaped on him. But he was very soon in active service again. His last brief and brilliant campaign was fought in Egypt. He long held the place in public estimation which is now accorded to Lord Kitchener and Lord Roberts.

It is with feelings best to be described by that hack epithet "mixed" that the true lover of Iceland and of its great traditions will receive the news that it is contemplated to "open it up" by the improvement of the harbour at Reykjavik and by running a light railway to the Thingvalle—that great parliament-place of the old Icelanders in the days when men went a-viking. He will be gratified by the testimony that



the very proposition bears to the increased popular interest taken in the island and its history, and it is true that the present journey to the Thingvalla—on pony-back, with lodging that is not luxurious by the way, and a gait on the part of those Icelandic ponies which is not comforting except to those to the manner born—is not to be undertaken lightly or by delicate persons; yet, still, a railway seems something in the

nature of a desecrating touch. It is singular enough, even now, to see the wires of the telephone stretching over the great blocks of lava with which a large space of the island is strewn; for, as in Scandinavia, they have brought telephonic means of communication to a cheap perfection which is rather a reproach to Great Britain. The easiest mode of passage to the island is by the boats from Copenhagen, which call at Leith.

## HOW LONG DOES THE STAG LIVE?

THE Hart, as also the Hind, are very long lived, being said to live about one hundred years. They are bred in most Countries, but England is said to breed the best." Thus says Mr. Richard Blome, writing in the year 1600, or thereabouts; and a little further he continues, in his account of the hart, which we to-day call the stag: "At one year old they have no Horns, but only Bunches; at the age of Two years they appear more perfect, but Strait and Simple; at Three years they grow into two Speers; at Four, into three, and so increasing every year in their Branches until they be Six; and above that time their age is not known by their Heads."

To this testimony to the longevity of the red deer stag we may add that which is implied in the Gaelic proverb:

Thrice the age of a dog is the age of a horse,  
Thrice the age of a horse is the age of a man,  
Thrice the age of a man is the age of a stag,  
Thrice the age of a stag is the age of an eagle,  
Thrice the age of an eagle is the age of an oak

That is to say, presuming man occasionally to attain the century, that the stag might go to three hundred, an eagle to nine hundred, and an oak to two thousand seven hundred.

About the rest of the patriarchs we have no present concern, but it is rather interesting to try to discover on what, if any,

foundation rests the idea of the great age attained by the stag. We may dismiss the three hundred years theory as a freak of the imagination captivated by the arithmetical charm which has always seemed to linger about the magic number three; but it is certain that there has been in the past a very widespread faith in the stag's often reaching the age of a hundred years, or thereabouts. We thought it might be of some further interest to make enquiry of a number of owners and tenants of deer forests and others who have had opportunity of learning much about the life-story of the red deer, in order to see whether the experience of any of them gave any ground whatever for the ancient faith in the longevity of the stag. It may be added that it is by no means a wholly lost faith. There are some conservatives who hold still to the belief in the existence of occasional centenarians among stags. We hardly find them, however, among those whose opportunities for knowing their subject have been the most extensive.

Of all who have been good enough to give us the benefit of their experience only one puts the limit of age reached by the red deer stag at higher than thirty years. This is a doubtful maximum mentioned by Mr. Allan Gordon Cameron, as also by Mr. Frank Wallace. The latter points out that Buffon had the idea that stags lived till forty years, but it is not to be thought that the opinion was based on observed and properly



IN SEARCH OF HIS KINGDOM.

recorded instances. Mr. Cameron refers to the unusual opportunities for elucidating a question of this kind which were afforded by the conditions of the forest on the island of Jura, and the estimate they arrived at is virtually the same as that which is reached almost ubiquitously elsewhere. A point worthy of notice is that the Jura observations agree with others in tending to show greater longevity in the hinds than in the stags, a difference that is not improbable when we consider the condition to which the stag is reduced at the beginning of the hard weather season and the drain on his strength which the annual growth of the horns must entail.

The Duke of Portland really states the general opinion on the point that "it is nonsense to believe the red deer in deer forests live to the age of a hundred"; and that "the average length of age of red deer in deer forests is about fourteen years."

Mr. J. G. Millais thinks "it is possible a stag might survive for thirty years, but I should like to have definite proof before I could accept the statement." He says that he knows of one case of a hind in a wild state which lived for twenty-two years and then met its death by an accident, and one which lived in a park for twenty-two years and then died of old age and inability to digest its food. "I have noticed," he writes, "that all stags over eleven years of age have the molar teeth greatly worn down, and in the course of fifteen years of life these teeth would probably disappear."

The account which Lord Fortescue gives of the Exmoor deer certainly does not suggest that they are at all more long lived either than those of the Scottish forest or those of the English park. "I have known," he writes, "three or four occasions on which the Devon and Somerset



HIND AND HER CALF.



YOUNG STAGS.



have killed deer that were obviously long past their prime: their frames were shrunken, their teeth worn down to the gums, the hoofs small and the heads poor. One of those killed in Colonel Hornby's mastership about twenty years ago was identified by an ear-mark with tolerable certainty as being sixteen or nineteen years old. I do not believe in deer living to a greater age than that unless in exceptional cases."

Of course, no man knows more about park deer than Mr. C. J. Lucas of Warnham Court. As he writes: "I keep a very accurate account of my park deer here"—that is to say, at Warnham. "The teeth begin to wear down in the stags at about the age of thirteen to fifteen, and then they begin to go back. The hinds will go on longer and live in good health till round about twenty years. In my opinion the park red deer is at its prime between the ages of six and twelve, and they do not, at the present day, live to any great age in perfect health and strength."

The opinion of a sportsman like Lord Hythe, who has been a tenant of very many different forests, is of interest, as being rather different in its basis of experience from that of the owner of a forest. He writes in just the same strain: "My own opinion is that a Scotch hill stag seldom, if ever, attains the age of twenty years. They are in their prime at seven or eight, and they are not likely to escape long after that if they have decent heads." He says that all the stalkers he has spoken to support this view, and adds: "I do not remember a stalker ever telling me of an old stag that he had known for more than a very few years."

It is to be remarked that the hinds have a superior chance of surviving, not only because they do not fall to the rifle so often, and are not so exhausted by the natural processes of their life, but also because one stag will always prod out of its way, with its horn, any other that is bothering it—apart from the set battles of the rutting season—and these prods are not seldom fatal.

Sir Henry Seton-Karr writes with personal knowledge of the deer of Scandinavia as well as those of Scotland, and suggests that perhaps in its natural woodland the deer may live longer than on the open hill. He admits, however, that there is no evidence of this. Of the Scottish red deer he writes:

"My most experienced informant, who has watched his stags for over thirty years, tells me that he considers a stag of sixteen an old beast, that very few reach twenty years, and only under exceptionally favourable circumstances could a stag see twenty-five years. He remembers twenty pairs of horns from one stag, after which the animal died."

Mr. Ernest Crosfield knows very intimately the forest of Meoble, on the mild West Coast. "Even in forests like Meoble

and Strathvaich," he writes, "where only bad stags and an occasional superlative one are shot, I think it is seldom, from one cause or other, that a stag survives for twenty years. I have seen a hind twenty-three years old, with a fine healthy calf, and the hind showed no sign of age." It is probable that we shall find this hind, and the stag of which twenty pairs of horns were picked up, to be about the oldest on record of the two sexes.

The Duke of Westminster declines to commit himself to any personal opinion on the age of the deer, but is good enough to send a letter from the head stalker at Lochmore, much on the same lines as almost all the others. For instance: "My own experiences do not confirm me in the belief that deer attain to a hundred or a hundred and fifty years." A "rapid decline" after the age of ten to fifteen years is what he finds.

All this evidence, therefore, and that of many more letters for which we thank the writers, points to one and the same conclusion. It is only fair, perhaps, to cite, for the very little that it seems to be worth, the evidence on the other side. There is first a letter, which Lord Hythe kindly sends, from Duncan Ferguson the head-stalker at Corrour, a most intelligent observer, in which is the following passage: "It is very hard to say how long the stag would live if he was permitted. I am of the opinion

that it would attain the age of fifty to sixty years, but as they are in their prime at eight or nine years, if they have decent heads they seldom escape for long after that. I had one shot this last autumn which I knew for the last ten years, with a very bad head, but it was the only one which I have known for that period. I am inclined to believe the old idea all the same—that they do live to a century." It is to be observed that the stalker's experience gives him no evidence in support of his belief, and of course the early maturity of the red deer and all



A SWITCH.

the analogy of allied ruminant animals are opposed to the idea of its great longevity.

Finally, Mr. Walter Winans, though taking the usual view as to the deer's maximum age, writes: "The first stag I shot as a boy at Drummond Castle was a fine royal and looked in the prime of life. In skinning him, a big round bullet was found in his neck in a cyst which was evidently an old wound. This bullet was of the type used in the old muzzle-loading rifles kept at Drummond as curiosities. The old keeper thought the shot must have been fired at least forty years before, and

presumably the stag was a good one when fired at, so it put his age to close on fifty years. But on the other hand, it may have been a round bullet shot from a sixteen-bore shot-gun by someone only the year before, and its very slight penetration (it was only just under the skin in the muscles of the neck) points to this solution."

Virtually the whole testimony shows the stag to live no more than the ordinary length of time of the ruminants, and it leaves us as much at a loss as ever to understand the ancient idea that it ever became a centenarian.

## LITERATURE.

### A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

THIS year will be celebrated the centenary of the Battle of Vittoria, considered by many as the crowning achievement of Wellington in the Peninsular War. It was at any rate a great battle, and the younger generation who are not so familiar with the doings of the greatest English general as were their grandparents will be grateful to Mr. Edward Fraser for the timely publication of his book, *The Soldiers Whom Wellington Led* (Methuen). The author has been assiduous in searching for material among private as well as public documents. He has rummaged among diaries and letters and journals of eye-witnesses, as well as the official despatches, with the result that he has been able to present his readers with a living picture of those military operations that culminated in the Battle of Vittoria. There are few things more interesting than the intimate accounts given of Wellington himself, which enable us to see and understand the man. The first gun was fired on the morning of the longest day, June 21st, 1813. This was early in the forenoon. The British Army, which had camped during the night outside the valley of the Zadora River, near which the city of Vittoria stands, and where the French Army was in occupation, stood to arms before daybreak and moved forward in the dark from their bivouacs. The story has often been told before, but what makes it interesting is the particularity with which the commander and his men are described. It has often been commented on as a curious fact that Lord Wellington took a pack of hounds with him throughout the Peninsular War and hunted every other day; but he himself attributed the fitness of the officers to this exercise. In fact, he anticipated what has come to be generally recognised now, namely, that a man who takes hard exercise in the open air can in a very short space of time get through work which would have engaged him for long enough without that resource. It is known that he had an iron constitution. Indeed, his last illness was made worse because he had recourse to hard exercise and cold bathing to get rid of a cold—a very Spartan method for a patriarch of his years. Another faculty helps to account for his alertness, and that was his ability to fall asleep at the shortest notice. On the battle-field, even, he has been known to refresh himself with "forty winks":

At Salamanca "his battle-front was ready, but Marmont's attack was still two miles' distant. 'Watch the French, Fitzroy,' he said to his aide-de-camp, Lord Fitzroy Somerset, 'I am going to take a rest; when they reach that gap in the hills wake me.' Then he lay down on his cloak on the heath among the sweet gum-cistes flowers and was asleep in a minute."

No one could have lived more simply than he did in the field. It is related that when going out to India on his first service he scandalised the naval captain commanding the frigate by his habit of going to bed fully dressed: "turning into his cot all standing, like a trooper's horse." But this was only an illustration of the thoroughness with which he took up his new calling. He explained that

as he was starting on a campaign in India, he wished to accustom himself to sleeping in his clothes; but Captain Page was not satisfied till his steward assured him that, although the Colonel slept in his breeches, he took them off and tubbed before he appeared at breakfast.

The reader may picture him at the time of his most famous period as between forty and fifty years of age, a man of middle height, slightly built, but wiry, with a long face and prominent aquiline nose. "Arty, that long-nosed—that licks the Parleyvoos!" was one of his names among the men. An officer describes his face thus: "His countenance was very animated; his keen, clear, violet-coloured eye full of intelligence." On a morning of battle this was how he turned out:

He was dressed in a light grey frock-coat (he always wore grey when there was a chance of active work, the colour being less conspicuous from afar than blue), a cocked hat, low in the crown, without a plume, and covered in oilskin, a pair of black leather leggings, fastened at the sides and reaching half up the calf, protected his legs, and he wore a light steel-mounted sabre, without any sash.

Another officer, writing home, refers to the way in which he went about, sometimes in a brown study, but often noticing

his officers with a hasty, "Oh! how d'y'e do?" while he good-humouredly quizzed those with whom he was well acquainted. About his equipment there were two points only concerning which he was very particular. One was to be well mounted, and the other was to have the best telescope that could be procured. About his own safety he was rather careless, and had many narrow escapes both from being shot and being made prisoner. The way in which he spent his day in camp is thus described:

"Lord Wellington rises at six every morning and employs himself to nap (the breakfast hour) in writing. After breakfast he sees the heads of departments—viz., Quartermaster and Adjutant-General, Commissary-General, Commander of the Artillery, and any other officers coming to him on business. This occupies till 2 or 3 p.m., and sometimes longer, when he gets on his horse and rides till near six. This, of course, is interfered with when the troops are before the enemy. At nine he retires to write again, or employs himself until twelve, when he retires for the night. His correspondence with England and the Spanish and Portuguese Governments is very extensive."

Of his hunting another officer writes:

He hunts every other day almost, and then makes up for it by great diligence and instant decision on intermediate days. He works until about four o'clock, and then for an hour or two parades with anyone whom he wants to talk to up and down the little square of Frenada (amidst all the chattering Portuguese) in his grey great-overcoat.

So much for the leader. The men, in the historic words of Sir Redvers Buller, "were splendid"; that is to say, after they had been out for some time. At starting they were rather a rough lot, as Wellington himself has admitted in a famous passage. But before the Peninsular War came to an end their adversaries learned to know and respect their methods. A French correspondent describes a typical battle, telling how his own countrymen came on to the attack at first with a steady step, that increased in pace as their excitement began to grow and, finally, at a run accompanied with shooting. But the British line stood impassive and immovable. They had strict orders not to shoot till the enemy were within range, and in the discharge of musketry which thinned some of their ranks, and the general excitement and disturbance, they stood like pillars till, at the word of command being given, they went through the operations of shooting as steadily as if they were at drill, poured a withering discharge into the opposite ranks, made a great dash at them and then returned to position as before. It was a nerve-shattering experience.

These characteristics were well exemplified at the Battle of Vittoria. It was a day of heroes. To the Rifles belonged the honour of taking the first French gun. Sir Rowland Hill stormed the heights at Puebla, an ascent "so steep that while moving up it they looked as if they were lying on their faces and crawling." The 71st had the lion's share of the fighting at first, and their Colonel, the Hon. Henry Cadogan, when mortally wounded, gave the command: "Carry me to where I can see how the battle goes." The final advance will ever stand out as one of the finest things in military annals.

### RANELAGH.

*Ranelagh and Its Times*, by Cyril Fitz Gerald. (Northern Printers.) EVERY portion of London has its own peculiar interest and character. Some time ago, in dealing with a book descriptive of the annals of Hampstead, we tried to show the leading features of that favourite residential quarter; to-day there is before us a volume dealing with a very different district, namely, Ranelagh. It is a place lending itself to lively writing. Barn Elms, since the dawn of history, has been connected with various phases in the life of London. The meaning of the name is not very clear. Mr. Fitz Gerald does not incline to think it derived from "berne," a barn; but from "Barn," which signifies barony, or ancestral home. In the Domesday Book it is described as part of the hamlet of Brixton. Its interesting period, however, begins after Elizabeth had been Queen of England for twenty years. She wished at the time to provide something for her secretary, Francis Walsingham, and, in order to do so, purchased the lease from the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's. Queen Elizabeth had a palace at Richmond, and it was probably to have opportunities of private and confidential conversation with her secretary that she established Walsingham at Barnes. The author at great length, and in a very pleasing and fascinating style, describes a great deal of what went on there. Queen Elizabeth



appreciated the value of the place as a rural retreat, but she also carried on a great deal of the negotiations and diplomacy which led to results all of which are historic and some of them tragic. The second point worth drawing attention to is the emigration of the Kit-Cat Club. The origin of the name is thus given by the author: "The earliest place of meeting for Tonson's friends was at a pastrycook's shop in the Shire Lane, near Temple Bar, called the 'Cat and Fiddle.' The cook's name was Christopher, and his mutton pies were so to the liking of those who gathered at his house that the convention of 'young bloods,' anxious to associate themselves not only with the pies, but with the maker and his house, adopted the name of the 'Kit-Cat Club' ('Kit' short for 'Christopher' and 'Cat' for 'Cat and Fiddle')." No chapter in the book will be read with greater pleasure than this, as it is full of interesting gossip of old time and exact information about many things which were known rather vaguely before. There is, for instance, a list of the portraits painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller. The history of these portraits is as follows: "Tonson, in his lifetime, gave the pictures to his nephew Jacob, and they afterwards passed to his brother Richard, who took them to his house at Water-Oakley, Windsor. Later they came into the possession of William Baker, whose father married the eldest daughter of Jacob, the nephew. They have now passed to Captain Clinton Baker, of the Royal Navy." Another chapter that will be read with zest is the Biography of the Members. Many of those who play golf or polo there now will be very glad to have this scholarly and well-informed monograph on their popular club and its associations.

#### FOR THE GARDENER.

**Fruit Growing for Beginners**, by F. W. Harvey. (COUNTRY LIFE Library.) "FRUIT GROWING FOR BEGINNERS" is a reduction to simplicity of all the available methods for bringing to the table a good store of wholesome English fruit. Mr. F. W. Harvey, the writer of it, who is also the editor of the *Garden*, has made fruit-growing a special study, and in this volume has given us the cream of all his knowledge and experience. The grower for the market will be as delighted with it as the amateur who is making his first tentative efforts to grow fruit.

#### STUDIES OF CHILDHOOD.

**The Day Before Yesterday**, by Richard Middleton. (Fisher Unwin.)

FEW men have possessed the gift of remembering and understanding their childhood, and the ability to put on record their hopes, doubts, joys and sorrows during the years when the world was boundless and the grown-up as a god. Perhaps the best tale in this volume is "The Story-Teller," the most delightful of the beings who have gone back to the days that were, and live a thousand lives in their troubled imagination. There is a subtle pathos that cloaks the gaunt-eyed old man and shields him from the grown-ups, who think him mad, while it forms no barrier to the children, who love him and perceive it not. In these tales Richard Middleton re-creates for us the golden days when we went forth to slay dragons, while the world of fairy-tales possessed an actuality far surpassing the nursery life we knew, even in the bright day; while it had substance when sleep had brushed from our eyes the harsh veils that shrouded our daytime vision. For those who would, in their dreams, again enter Babylon by the magic gate, this book will surely be a key and a talisman which will bring them safely to their haven in their perilous journey back through the crowded years that are between us and the city.

#### THE SURFACE OF LIFE.

**A Necessity of Life and Other Stories**, by Betty van der Goes. (Macmillan.)

MISS VAN DER GOES is able to show how much of the drama of life depends upon surface things, and how little real emotion or imagination there is in it. She pursues her way in a kindly spirit, and we sympathise with her men and women even though we often cannot help laughing at them, as in the first story, where the quest of complete respectability yields as much satisfaction and necessary excitement to Mr. Chariesworth and Lady Flora as *une affaire de cœur* some thirty years before, which was as questionable as it was fierce and passionate. In "Three Dances," the story of how Susan won her husband, a subtle and delicate satire gives piquancy to a very well-constructed tale; the tale leaves a pleasant taste in the mouth, like all the others, though the conclusion is a little brutal: "'Susan, Susan!' said her husband's voice, in a tone which she had often heard in her dreams, but had despaired of hearing in reality. But in the midst of her triumph and her delight the question forced itself upon her teasingly, unasked, irresistible—'Is attraction, loveliness, power to please, womanly charm, in fact, only a question of advertisement, like everything else in this material world?'" In this sentence we have the flower of the authoress's bantering philosophy, and those who appreciate subtle irony will read the book right through when they have once opened it.

#### NOVELS.

**The House of Renneil**, by Mrs. H. H. Penrose. (Alston Rivers.)

ALMOST prosaic in her manner of telling her story, Mrs. H. H. Penrose, in the characterisation which goes to make Philip Renneil and his wife two real people, scores a decided point in her own favour. The novel itself is slight enough, the tale moves slowly round half-a-dozen principal characters, and the incident of the substitution of Grace Higgins's child does not carry conviction. Yet the novel has a claim on our interest, and we read it because the tragedy of Mildred's childless marriage is made so important a factor in the development of her happiness and that of Philip Renneil. Without setting out to attempt anything remarkable, Mrs. Penrose invests this couple with reality, gives us several glimpses of the ordinary routine of their days, the motives that govern their actions, and then turns the page down, leaving us with the comfortable conviction that all is for the best in the best of all possible worlds.

**The Weaker Vessel**, by E. F. Benson. (Heinemann.)

THIS is an intimate and subtle analysis of the character of a clever weakling. Harry Whittaker, the playwright-hero, gradually succumbs to the influence of hereditary alcoholism, because he finds his best work is done under the stimulus of drink. The story of his early struggles and of his wife's struggles to help

him (the title of the book is ironical, by the way) is very convincing, but the ending is somehow unsatisfactory. One is a little tired of Harry (or feels that Mr. Benson is), and, moreover, it does not seem at all certain that to paralyse his body is the way to revivify his soul. Eleanor, his wife, is charming and vivacious and broad-minded and generous, after the manner of Mr. Benson's heroines, and fills us with a proper desire to see her play Hermione and, above all, the Rat-Wife. And, incidentally, the characters of these two artists, Harry and Eleanor, furnish Mr. Benson with a happy peg on which to hang a number of excellent things concerning art—things sensitively experienced, and recorded with a felicitous exactitude that must wake a response in the heart of any reader who has ever felt even a touch of the power that Harry calls "the Uncontrollable." Here Mr. Benson is on very sure ground; of this kingdom of art he knows every road and lane and bridle-path, though with a kind of brilliant wilfulness he is too often content to dally on its borders. The character of Marian Anstruther, the actress who casts a spell over Harry, is less surely drawn. There is too much of the conventional siren about her; her webs are too obviously woven—with the comparative crudities of sequins and rose-madder cloaks. But the Hon. Mrs. Ramsden, Eleanor's step-mother, and "the daughter of a Viscount who was also a clergyman," is a masterpiece. Her complete—her monumental lack of humour supplies the book with a rich vein of it, and whether she is quoting the "inconceivable verse" from *The Christian Year*, or recovering her wedding-gift of an old carpet, suddenly discovered to be Aubusson and valuable, or chilling her step-daughter's homecoming with arctic blasts of welcome, she is perfect. Her bright, hard verbosity has upon the reader, as upon Eleanor, "a sort of stunning effect," and the descriptions of life at the Vicarage (particularly on Sundays) paint a picture that could not be bettered of active and desolating boredom. Altogether, the book is interesting, and written with all Mr. Benson's charm and wit and skill; but it has some elusive defect that is best, perhaps, captured in a phrase of Harry's, about writing: "It isn't a grinding effort, or a slogging effort, but all the same it is an intense effort. You have to concentrate all there is of you on a point." One shuts *The Weaker Vessel* with a feeling that, clever as it is, there have been moments when Mr. Benson was not concentrating all there was of him on a point—that, in short, the book has not taken him through that agony of creation by means of which alone it is possible to reach the artist's bourn and touch the very depths of the human heart.

**Sleeping Waters**, by John Trevena. (Constable.)

A VERY clever mingling of reality and imagination in the story of the young priest, Jack Anger, makes this book a singularly interesting study. Jack Anger is sent down to Devonshire for his health's sake, and before he goes the two kindly business men, Billacott and Wiggaton, hearing of his destination, indulge in reminiscences of the country-side and their own ancestors, which show the latter in no very attractive light. Father Anger goes down West, influenced unconsciously by the talk of the two men; his mind, unknown to himself, affected by his bodily condition, he falls under the influence of the wild moors to such purpose that he succumbs to a state where, though living in the present, he reconstructs for himself scenes from out the country-side's past. In this condition he meets Petronel Vigar, a kind of dream-woman, and loves her; but between them stands the lawyer Curgiven. As in a kind of nightmare Anger moves among these shadows out of the past, confusing them with his actual world, until gradually the balance of the mind readjusts itself, and the mists of an extraordinary series of hallucinations melt away. In the course of the story Mr. Trevena succeeds in very realistically suggesting the turmoil, fear, and agitation of soul that possess Anger, and the curious effect of the local superstitions and semi-Pagan atmosphere to which his distraught mind sinks itself. Mr. Trevena has written nothing better than *Sleeping Waters*.

**The Combined Maze**, by May Sinclair. (Hutchinson.)

THOUGH undoubtedly clever, and marked by that close observance of character which makes her work so true and convincing, Miss May Sinclair does not seem to be altogether herself in *The Combined Maze*. The book gives evidence of an outside influence that has no real affinity with Miss Sinclair's gifts; to this she has, however, whole-heartedly surrendered herself. Because she has so whole-heartedly surrendered herself, her new novel is a success up to a certain point, and it is at that point that her limitations in this new medium become apparent. There is no blood in this book; it is very clever, very detached, rather morbid; but Rannie and Winnie, in every way most true to type, are never alive. Miss Sinclair does her best to make them so; and, because we so much admire her work, we find ourselves strenuously making believe for her sake from first page to last—to own ourselves beaten in the end. Clever, brilliant, each effect well studied, the book is at least a singularly interesting experiment, and as such should receive considerable attention as the work of an author whose high standard of excellence in workmanship it amply justifies.

**The Strolling Saint**, by Rafael Sabatini. (Stanley Paul.)

IN this fine story, which purports to be the confessions of Agostino D'Anguissola, tyrant of Mondolfo and Lord of Carmina, Mr. Rafael Sabatini has given us a stirring romance of mediæval Italy. Sparing no pains in the gathering together of his material, Mr. Sabatini's account of the eventful career of his hero gives a wonderful sense of atmosphere; picturesque, forcible and admirably written, the narrative carries the reader along with an irresistible persuasion of its reality. Dedicated to the service of the Church before his birth, Agostino D'Anguissola has hardly reached boyhood before it is abundantly clear that he is not suited to such a vocation. Yet, by his mother's determined opposition to his breaking of the vow she has made for him, he is forced for a time into submission to his fate, and to that end is handed over to the pedant, Messer Astorre Fifanti, under whose roof he takes up his quarters. Here, attracting Giuliana, Fifanti's wife, he kills the pedant for her sake and his own self-preservation, to discover himself—as his lessening ignorance had already suggested to him—the superseder of the Papal Legate, Lord Gambarà. The succeeding history of the youth includes experience of the methods of the Inquisition, a protracted struggle between himself and those interested in his observance of his mother's vow, his final breaking away from the fate mapped out for him. This is a striking historical novel, dramatic and arresting.



Mrs. G. A. Barton.

LOOKING OUT ON THE SNOW.

Copyright.



# NOTWITHSTANDING

by Mary  
Cbolmondeley.



## CHAPTER VIII.

IT was the middle of April. The ginger tree had at last unsheathed its long, sword-like leaves, and had hung out its great pink and white blossoms at all their length. The coffee trees had mingled with their red berries the dearest little white wax flowers. The paradise tree, which Annette had been watching day by day, had come out in the night. And this morning among its innumerable hanging golden balls, were cascades of two-leaved white stars with violet centres.

Annette was well again, if so dull and tame a word can be used to describe the radiance which health had shed upon her, and upon the unfolding petal by petal, of her beauty. The long rest, the slow recovery, the immense peace which had enfolded her life for the first time, the grim, tender "mothering" of Mrs. Stoddart, had all together fostered and sustained her. Her life, cut back to its very root by a sharp frost, had put out a superb new shoot. Her coltishness and a certain heavy naive immaturity had fallen from her. Her beauty had shaken them off and stood clear of them, and Mrs. Stoddart recognised, not without anxiety, that the beauty which was now revealed was great. But in the process of her unduly delayed and then unduly forced development, it was plain that she had lost one thing which would have made her mother's heart ache if she had been alive. Annette had lost her youth. She was barely twenty-two, but she had the dignity and the bearing of a woman of thirty. Mrs. Stoddart watched her standing, a gracious *blonde* figure in her white gown, under the paradise tree, with a wild baby canary in the hollow of her hands, coaxing it to fly back to its parents calling shrilly to it from a neighbouring thicket of lemon-coloured honeysuckle. She realised the pitfalls that lie in wait for persons as simple and as inapprehensive as Annette, especially when they are beautiful as well, and she sighed. Presently the baby canary fluttered into the honeysuckle, and Annette walked down the steep garden path to meet Victor, the butler, who could be seen in the distance coming slowly on the donkey up the white high road from Santa Cruz with the letters.

Mrs. Stoddart sighed again. She had safeguarded Annette's past, but how about her future? She had pondered long over it, which Annette did not seem to do at all. Tenerife was becoming too hot. The two ladies from Hampstead had already gone, much mollified towards Annette, and even anxious to meet her again, and attributing her more alert movements and now quite unrolling eyes to the fact that they had made it clear they would not stand any nonsense or take "airs" from anyone. Mrs. Stoddart was anxious to get home to London to her son, her one son, Mark. But what would happen to Annette when they left Tenerife? She would gladly have kept her as her companion till she married, for, of course, she would marry some day, but there was Mark to be considered. She could not introduce Annette into her household without a vehement protest from Mark to start with, who would probably end by falling in love with her. It was hopeless to expect that Annette would take an interest in any man for some time to come. Would she be glad or sorry if Annette eventually married Mark? She came to the conclusion that, in spite of all the drawbacks of Annette's parentage and the Le Geyt episode, she would rather have her as her daughter-in-law than anyone. But there was Mark to be reckoned with, a very uncertain quantity. She did not know how he would regard that miserable episode, and she decided that she would not take the responsibility of throwing him and Annette together.

Then what was to be done? Mrs. Stoddart had got through her own troubles with such assiduous determination earlier in life that she was now quite at liberty to attend to those of others, and she gave a close attention to Annette's. She need not have troubled her mind, for Annette was coming towards her up the steep path between the high hedges of flowering geraniums with a sheaf of letters in her hand, and her future neatly mapped out in one of them. She sat down at Mrs. Stoddart's feet in the dappled shade under the scarlet-flowering pomegranate tree, and they both opened their letters. Annette had time to read her two several times while Mrs. Stoddart selected one after another from her bundle. Presently she gave an exclamation of surprise.

"Mark is on his way here. He will be here directly. Let me see, the Furst is due to-morrow or next day. He sends this by the English mail to warn me. He has not been well, overworked, and he is coming out for the sake of the sea journey and to take me home."

Mrs. Stoddart's shrewd eyes shone. A faint colour came to her thin cheeks.

"Then I shall see him," said Annette. "When he did not come out for Christmas I was afraid I should miss him altogether."

"Does that mean you are thinking of leaving me, Annette?" "Yes," said Annette, and she took her friend's hand and kissed it. "I have been considering it some time. I am thinking of staying here and setting up as a dressmaker."

"As a dressmaker!" almost gasped Mrs. Stoddart.

"Yes. Why not? My aunt is a very good dressmaker in Paris, and she would help me, at least she would if it was worth her while. And there is no one here to do anything, and all that exquisite work the peasant women make is wasted on coarse or inferior material. I should get them to do it for me on soft fine nainsook, and make a speciality of summer morning gowns and children's frocks. Everyone who comes here would buy a gown of Tenerife work from me, and I can fit people quite well. I have a natural turn for it. Look how I can fit myself. You said yesterday that this white gown I have on was perfect."

Mrs. Stoddart could only gaze at her in amazement. "My dear Annette," she said at last, "you cannot seriously think I would allow you to leave me to become a dressmaker. What have I done that you should treat me like that?"

"You have done everything," said Annette. "More than anyone in the world since I was born, and I have accepted everything—haven't I?—as it was given—freely. But I felt the time was coming when I must find a little hole of my own to creep into, and I thought this dressmaking might do. I would rather not try to live by my voice. It would throw me into the kind of society I knew before. I would rather make a fresh start on different lines. At least, I thought all these things as I came up the path ten minutes ago. But these two letters have shown me that I have a place of my own in the world after all."

She put two black-edged letters into Mrs. Stoddart's hand. "Aunt Catherine is dead," she said. "You know she has been failing. That was why they went to live in the country."

Mrs. Stoddart took up the letters, and gave them her whole attention. Each of the bereaved aunts had written.

My dear Annette (wrote Aunt Maria, the eldest).—

I grieve to tell you that our beloved sister, your aunt Catherine, died suddenly yesterday from heart failure. We had hoped that the move to the country, undertaken entirely on her account, would have been beneficial to her, entailing as it did a great sacrifice on my part, who need the inspiration of a congenial literary milieu so much. She had always fancied that she was not well in London, in which belief her doctor encouraged her, very unwisely, as the event has proved. The move, with all the inevitable paraphernalia of such an event, did her harm, as I had feared it would. She insisted on organising the whole affair, and though she carried it through fairly successfully, except that several of my MSS. have been mislaid, the strain had a bad effect on her heart. The doctor said that she ought to have gone away to the seaside while the move was done in her absence. This she declared was quite impossible, and though I wrote to her daily from Felixstowe begging her not to over-fatigue herself, and to superintend the work of others rather than to work herself, there is no doubt that in my absence she did more than she ought to have done. The heart attacks have been more frequent and more severe ever since, culminating in a fatal one on Saturday last. The funeral is to-morrow. Your Aunt Harriet is entirely prostrated by grief, and I may say that unless I summoned all my fortitude I should be in the same condition myself, for, of course, my beloved sister Catherine and I were united by a very special and uncommon affection, rare even between affectionate sisters.

I do not hear any more of your becoming a professional singer, and I hope I never shall. I gather that you have not found living with your father quite as congenial as you anticipated. Should you be in need of a home when your tour with Mrs. Stoddart is over we shall be quite willing that you should return to us, for though the manner of your departure left something to be desired, I have since realised that there was not sufficient scope for yourself and Aunt Catherine in the same house. And now that we are bereaved of her, you would have plenty to occupy you in endeavouring, if such is your wish, to fill her place.

Your affectionate aunt,  
MARIA NEVILL.

Mrs. Stoddart took up the second letter.

My dear Annette,—

How can I tell you, how can I begin to tell you of the shattering blow that has fallen upon us? Life can never be the same again. Death has entered our dwelling. Dearest Cathie, your Aunt Catherine, has been taken from us. She was quite well yesterday—at least well for her—at a quarter past seven, when she was rubbing my feet, and by seven-thirty she was in a precarious condition. Maria insisted on sending for a doctor, which, of course, I greatly regretted, realising as I do full well that the ability to save life is not with them, and that all drugs have only the power in them which we by wrong thought have given to them. However, Maria had her way as always, but our dear sister succumbed before he arrived, so I do not in any way attribute her death to him. We were both with her, each holding one of her dear hands, and the end was quite peaceful. I could have wished for one last word of love, but I do not rebel. Maria feels it terribly, though she always has great self-control. But, of course, the loss cannot be to her, immersed in her writing, what it is to me, my darling Cathie's constant companion and adviser. We were all in all to each other. What I shall do without her I cannot even imagine. Mary will naturally expect—she always has expected—to find all household matters arranged without any participation on her part. And I am alas! so feeble that for many years past I have had to confine my aid to that of consolation and encouragement. My sofa has, indeed, I am thankful to think, been a centre from which sympathy and love have flowed freely forth. This is as it should be. We invalids live in the lives of others. Their joys are our joys. Their sorrows are our sorrows. How I have rejoiced over your delightful experiences at Tenerife—the islands of the blest. When it has snowed here how often I have said to myself, "Annette is in the sunshine." And now, dear Annette, I am wondering whether when you leave Tenerife you could make your home with us again for a time. You would find one very loving heart here to welcome you, ever ready with counsel and support for a young girl's troubles and perplexities. I never blamed you for leaving us. I knew too well that spirit of adventure, though my lot bids me sternly silence its voice. And, darling child, does it not seem pointed out for you to relinquish this strange idea of being a professional singer for a life to which the call of duty is so plain. I know from experience what a great blessing attends those who give up their own will to live for others. The surrender of the will! That is where true peace and happiness lie, if the young could only believe it.

I will say no more. With fondest love,

Your affectionate,

AUNT HARRIET.

"H'm!" said Mrs. Stoddart, "and so the only one of the trio whom you could tolerate is the one who has died. They have killed her between them. That is sufficiently obvious. And what do you think, Annette, of this extremely cold-blooded suggestion that you should live for others?"

"I think it is worth a trial," said Annette, looking gravely at her. "It will have the charm of novelty, at any rate. And I haven't made such a great success of living for myself so far."

Mrs. Stoddart did not answer. Even she, accustomed as she was to them by now, always felt a tremor when those soft veiled violet eyes were fixed upon her. "Sweetest eyes were ever seen," she often said to herself.

Annette went on. "I see that I have been like the man in the parable. When I was bidden to the feast of life I wanted the highest seat. I took it as my right. I was to have everything. Love, honour, happiness, rank, wealth. But I was turned out, as he was. And I was so angry that I flung out of the house in a rage. If Dick had not stopped me at the door I should have gone away altogether. The man in the parable behaved better than that. He took with shame the lowest seat. I must do like him, try and find the place intended for me where I *shan't* be cast out."

"Well, this is the lowest seat with a vengeance."

"Yes. That is why I think it may be just what I can manage."

"You are sure you are not doing this from a false idea of making an act of penance?"

"No, directly I read the letters I thought I should like it. I wish now I had never left them. And I believe now that I have been away I could make a success of it."

"I have no doubt you could, but—"

"I should like to make a success of something, after being such a failure. And—and—"

"And what, my child?"

"I had begun to think there was no corner in the world for me, as if the Giver of the Feast had forgotten me altogether. And this looks as if He hadn't. I have often thought lately that I should like—if I could—to creep into some little place where I should not be thrust out, where there would not be any more angels with flaming swords to drive me away."

#### CHAPTER IX.

I do not think you have ever heard of the little village of Riff in Lowshire, reader, unless you were born and bred in it, as I was. If you were, you believe, of course, that it is the centre of the world. But if you were not, it is possible you may have overlooked it in your scheme of life, or hurried past it in the train reading a novel, not even looking out, as I have done a hundred times, to catch a glimpse of it lying among its water meadows with its pink-plastered cottages and its thatched vicarage, and The Hermitage with the honey-suckle over the porch, and the almshouses near the great Italian gates of Hulver Manor, and, somewhat apart in its walled garden among its twisted pines, the red Dower House where Lady Louisa Manvers was living, poor soul, at the time this story was written. And if you know where to look you can catch a glimpse of Hulver Manor itself among its hollies; the old Tudor house which has stood empty and shuttered so long, ever since old Mr. Manvers died. But you cannot see Red Riff Farm where the Miss Nevills lived, and

where Miss Maria, the celebrated authoress, wrote "The Silver Cross," of which you have, of course, often heard, and which, if you are of a serious turn of mind, you have doubtless read and laid to heart.

Red Riff Farm stands near the lane between the village and the high road, presenting its back to all comers with British sangroid. To approach it you must go up the wide path between the barn and the dovecote on one side, and on the other the long, low laithes standing above its wall, just able to look at itself in the pool, where the ducks are breaking up its reflection. When you pass through the narrow iron gateway in the high wall which protects the garden on the north side, the old Jacobean house rises up above you, all built of dim rose red and dim blue brick, looking benignly out across the meadows over its small enclosed garden, which had once been the orchard, in which some of the ancient bent apple trees are still, like old pensioners, permitted to remain.

When Annette first passed through that gateway the beautiful dim old building with its latticed windows peered at her through a network of apple blossom. But now the apple trees have long since dropped their petals, and you can see the house clearly with its wavering tiled string-courses, and its three rounded gables, and the vine flung half across it.

It is early June, and the low square oak door stooped with nails stands wide open, showing a glimpse of a small paneled hall with a carved black staircase. Annette came down the carved staircase and stood a moment in the doorway in a pale lilac gown. Her ear caught the sound of a manly voice mingled with Aunt Maria's dignified tones, and the somewhat agitated accompaniment of the clink of tea-things. Aunt Harriet was evidently more acutely undecided than usual which cup to fill first, and was settling them in the way that always irritated Aunt Maria, though she made heroic efforts to dissimulate it.

Annette came to the conclusion that she would probably be late for choir practice if she went into the drawing-room. So she walked noiselessly across the hall, and slipped through the garden. A dog-cart was standing horseless in the courtyard, and the delighted female laughter which proceeded from the servants' hall showed that a male element in the shape of a groom had been added to the little band of women servants.

What a fortunate occurrence that there should be a caller, for on this particular afternoon Aunt Maria had reached a difficult place in her new book, the hero having thrown over his lady-love because she, foolish modernist that she was, toying with her life's happiness, would not promise to leave off smoking. The depressed authoress needed a change of thought. And it would be pleasant for the whole household if Aunt Harriet's mind could be diverted from the fact that her new air-cushion leaked; not the old black one, that would not have mattered so much, but the new round red society one which she used when there were visitors in the house. Aunt Harriet's mind had brooded all day over the air-cushion as mournfully as a hart's tongue over a well.

Annette hoped it was a cheerful caller. Perhaps it was Canon Wetherly from Riedenbridge, an amiable widower, and almost as great an admirer of Aunt Maria's works as of his own stock of anecdotes. In the meanwhile, if she, Annette, missed her own lawful tea at home, to which of the little colony of neighbours in the village should she go for a cup, on her way to the church where choir practice was held?

To the Dower House? Old Lady Louisa Manvers had ceased to come downstairs at all, and her daughter Janey, a few years older than Annette, poor down-trodden Janey, would be only too glad to see her. But then her imbecile brother Harry with his endless copy-book remarks would be certain to be having tea with her, and Lady Louisa's trained nurse, whom Annette particularly disliked. No. She would not go to the Dower House this afternoon. She might go to tea with the Miss Blinketts, who were always kind to her, and whose cottage, The Hermitage, lay between her and the church.

The two Miss Blinketts were about the same age as the Miss Nevills, and regarded them with deep admiration, not unmixed with awe, coupled with an evident hope that a pleasant intercourse might presently be established between The Hermitage and Red Riff Farm. They were, indeed, quite excited at the advent among them of one so gifted as the author of "Crooks and Coronets," who, they perceived from her books, took a very high view of the responsibility created by genius. Miss Emily Blinkett told Annette that she was sure her Aunt had "dedicated herself, and that it would be a privilege to know one who exercised so great an influence for good."

Annette liked the Miss Blinketts, and her knowledge of Aunt Maria's character had led her to hope that this enthusiastic deference might prove acceptable to a wearied authoress in her hours of relaxation. But she soon found that the Miss Nevills, with all the prestige of London and a literary milieu resting upon them, were indignant at the idea that they could care to associate with "a couple of provincial old maids."

Their almost ferocious attitude towards the amiable Miss Blinketts had been a great shock to Annette, who neither at that or at any later time learned to make the social distinctions which occupied so much of her two aunts' time. The Miss Nevills' acceptance of a certain offering of ferns peeping through the meshes of a string bag brought by the amiable Miss Blinketts had been so frigid, so patrician, that it had made Annette more friendly than she would naturally have been. She had welcomed the ferns with enthusiasm and before she had realised it had become the object of a sentimental love and argus-eyed interest on the part of the inmates of The Hermitage which threatened to have its embarrassing moments.



No, now she came to think of it she would not go to tea with the Miss Blinketts this afternoon. Of course she might go to the Vicarage. Miss Black, the Vicar's sister, who kept house for him, had often asked her to do so before choir practice. But Annette had vaguely felt of late that Miss Black, who had been very cordial to her on her arrival and was still extremely polite, did not regard her with as much favour as at first; in fact, that as Mr. Black formed a higher and ever higher opinion of her, that of his sister was steadily lowered to keep the balance even.

Annette knew what was the matter with Mr. Black, though that gentleman had not yet discovered what it was that was affecting his usually placid temper and causing him on his parochial rounds so frequently to take the short cut past Red Riff Farm. She had just decided without emotion, but with distinct regret, that she must do without tea this afternoon, when a firm step came along the lane behind her and Mr. Black overtook her. For once he had taken that short cut to some purpose, though his face, fixed in a dignified preoccupation, gave no hint that he felt Fortune had favoured him at last.

The Miss Blinketts had heard it affirmed "by one who knew a wide sweep of clergy and was therefore competent to form an opinion" that Mr. Black was the handsomest vicar in the diocese. But possibly that was not high praise, for the clergy had evidently deteriorated in appearance since the ancient Blinkett, that type of clerical beauty, had been laid to rest under the twisted yew in the Riff churchyard. But anyhow Mr. Black was sufficiently good-looking to be called handsome in a country-side where young unmarried men were rare as water-ousels. He allowed his thoughtful expression to brighten to a grave smile as he walked on beside Annette, determined that on this occasion he would not be commonplace or didactic, as he feared he had been after the "boot and shoe club." He was under the illusion that he seldom took the trouble to do himself justice socially. It might be as well to begin now.

"Are you on your way to choir practice?"

"What a question! Of course I am."

"Have you had tea?"

"No."

"Neither have I. Do come to the Vicarage first, and Angela will give us some." Angela was Miss Black.

Annette could not find any reason for refusing. "Thank you. I will come with pleasure."

"I would rather go without any meal than tea."

Mr. Black felt as he voiced this sentiment that *for him* it was rather inadequate, conventional; but he was relieved that Annette did not appear to find it so. She smiled pleasantly and said:

"It certainly is the pleasantest meal in the day."

Annette and her companion had nearly reached the Vicarage when a dogcart passed them which she recognised as the one she had seen at Red Riff. The man in it waved his hand to Mr. Black.

"That was Mr. Reginald Stirling, the novelist," Mr. Black volunteered.

"The man who wrote 'The Magnet'?"

"Yes. He has rented Noyes Court from Lady Louisa. I hear he never attends divine service at Noyes, but I am glad to say he has been to Riff several times lately. I am afraid Bartlett's sermons are not calculated to attract an educated man."

Mr. Black was human and he was aware that he was a good preacher.

"I have often heard of him from Mrs. Stoddart," said Annette, with evident interest. "I supposed he lived in these parts, because some of the scenes in 'The Magnet' are laid in this country."

"Are they? I had not noticed it," said Mr. Black, frigidly, whose desire to talk of Mr. Stirling seemed to die the moment she was interested.

They were at the gate of the Vicarage and the subject dropped. It seemed doubtful afterwards when he reviewed what he had said whether he had attained to any really prominent conversational peaks during that circumscribed parley. He felt with sudden exasperation that he needed time, scope, opportunity, lots of opportunity, so that if he missed one there would be plenty more, and also all absence of interruption. He now got a chance of really talking to her.

(To be continued.)

## THE SCHOOLING OF A 'CHASER.



W. A. Rouch.

THE WAY THEY SCHOOL IN IRELAND.

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EXCEPT—such exceptions are rare—when performed by some very specially gifted individual, whenever we see some seemingly difficult physical feat accomplished with superlative ease, grace and accuracy, depend upon it that behind the doing of it there lies a long period of careful training and preparation. So it is with a 'chaser. To the casual onlooker it may not seem at all extraordinary that a horse should be able to take fence after fence in his stride, nothing wonderful in the fact that he should land over them so collected, so balanced, that without a moment's pause his full stride and speed are resumed—continued, it might rather be said; but the expert who watches the performance knows the gradual stages by which perfection has been acquired, and can appreciate the care and skill bestowed upon the horse's education as a jumper. As a matter of fact, from the moment that the tuition of a 'chaser is seriously taken in hand, none but thoroughly competent masters should be allowed to assist. Above all things it is necessary to inspire the pupil with confidence, and in order to do this the teacher ought to be gifted with exceptionally fine hands, a firm yet easy seat in the saddle, unflinching good temper, boundless patience

and an almost intuitive insight into the workings of a horse's mind. But even before he goes to school a good deal may be done towards getting the future 'chaser to understand that if an obstacle comes in the way he can get over it with ease, and also that it is just as well for him to so arrange matters that, lest he should make a mistake, misjudge his effort, or find himself deceived on landing, he should so collect himself that, the necessity arising, he has a "leg to spare." The late Baron Finot—marvellously successful in his day as an owner of jumpers—was a firm believer in early lessons. Almost, in fact, from the moment they could walk, his 'chasers were unconsciously beginning to learn their business, for he had paddocks so arranged that as the foals followed their dams about they had to pick their way over trunks of trees, small bundles of faggots and other "obstacles." Later on, in the same way, they found out for themselves that it was easy enough to get across little ditches or grips, and the constant habit of jumping a narrow but fast-running stream on their way to where a bite of corn was waiting them taught them that there was nothing to be afraid of in "water." So they went on, step by step, until even as yearlings they would come galloping along



W. A. Rouch.

F. MASON RIDING A SCHOOL.

WHERE KIRKLAND WAS TRAINED.

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over two or three low, but very strong, fences when called to get their feed of corn. Then came the usual "breaking" process, and, as a rule, for the next twelve months they would be ridden quietly about; but they were always learning something—one day they would be walked or trotted about on rough ground; another day, allowed to take their own time about it, they would jump or scramble over a few banks; sometimes they would find a low flight of hurdles "accidentally" in their way, and so on, until by the time they were sent into training they had thoroughly learned to look upon an "obstacle" merely as something to be got over—so much so that Harper, Baron Finot's trainer, used to say: "There they are, they don't give me any trouble. They'll have a go at anything that comes in their way; all I've got to do is to get them fit and teach them to lose no time at their fences." I know of no better system of schooling, as regards the preliminary stages of a 'chaser's education, but it requires more time than a good many people care to bestow upon it, and, moreover, it means that from his very earliest days 'chasing is the one and only object in view.

Nowadays, except in Ireland, where foals do learn a good deal while following their dams about, the education of a 'chaser is seldom begun until late in the two year old days—that is to say, when it has been discovered that he is not likely to be of any use "on the flat"; in many cases it is deferred for another year or two, sometimes more; when, having more

or less successfully scrambled through a few hurdle races, the unfortunate animal, ridden by an equally unfortunate jockey, is set to take his chance as a 'chaser. That by the way. To return to the schooling of a 'chaser. Some people give the preliminary "jumping" lessons by the aid of a cavesson and lunging rein, others prefer to drive the pupil in front of them with two long reins, the latter being, I think, the best method "if" carried out by a man who is himself active and well up to the business. Opinions differ, but I myself prefer that the horse should be ridden, it is needless to add by a thorough horseman, if only for the reason that the sooner a horse becomes accustomed to jumping with a man in the saddle the better also because "if" properly ridden he more rapidly acquires the habit of "collecting" himself at his fences. However small these same fences may be, they should be strongly built, for from the very beginning the pupil must be made to understand that he must "jump," not scramble through, any fence at which he may be set. If hurdles are used, they should be so fixed in the ground that something more than a slight blow will be wanted to knock them down. The earliest stages of the jumper's education safely passed, it is time to begin to teach him to lose no time at his fences. Here another "aid" is advisable in the shape of a safe and steady old "jumper," who will give the youngster a "lead," and, what is more—for horses are very imitative animals—show him the "style" in which to jump. Very likely the pupil will be all eagerness—the



W. A. Rouch.

A SCHOOLING GALLOP.

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"old 'un" will lop over the little fence without an effort. "I can do a lot better than that," thinks the youngster. At it he goes, with pricked ears and shining eyes. "What do you think of that?" one can almost hear him say, as he gives a mighty bound. "Capital!" says his rider, as he pats his neck. "Not quite so big next time, old chap."

So it goes on. A light hand and a cheery voice do wonders, and the youngster begins to take the fences with less effort and more confidence—with too much confidence, perhaps, for one morning he fails to notice that the fences are a little bit bigger. Hullo! Down. No; his rider leaves him alone. "Hold up, old man!" That is all. There is a bit of a scramble, and the fall is saved. Well ridden as he was, it has been a good lesson to him; he will not do it again if he can help it. Sometimes his lessons will be varied by a turn in the "school," a strongly fenced-in track, a sort of race-course in miniature. Old railway sleepers, by the way, make excellent walls for the enclosure. Here there are a variety of fences or obstacles, all of which are of considerable solidity. There is no rider on his back to-day, but the old horse is there to show him the way. Away they go; the fences are very close together. The old horse "times" his stride to an inch, but the youngster is too eager. He gets over the first two; the next is a solid baulk of timber, the trunk of a tree fixed on the top of a low wall. He gets too near it, raps it hard, and over he goes, head over heels. No harm done; quite the contrary. In a few weeks he will know how to canter round the "school," timing his stride and getting over the fences with far less exertion.

acquaintance with the Aintree fences in the Becher Steeplechase. That will be his opportunity for showing what he can do. After all, the task is not so very severe. Big and black the fences are, but they are fairly set and easy enough to measure. What about Valentine's? Well, he will get a hint from his rider, and if the response be given with a will, there need be no fear as to the result. Two years later, perhaps, with every muscle fully developed, full of hard condition, schooled at home and in public until, given a clear run, no fence can bring him down, a bit distressed it may be, but running gamely on, he will win the Grand National itself, and some of us will know that he has been well "schooled."

B.

## IN THE GARDEN

### HARDY FERNS FOR SHADED PLACES.

IN a great many gardens there are numerous situations where, owing to the shade of adjoining buildings, walls, or overhanging trees, the majority of flowering plants refuse to thrive, and consequently these places are, more often than not, far from attractive for the greater part of the year. This ought not to be. In the many and varied families of hardy Ferns we may find beautiful and interesting plants that can, with a comparatively small amount of trouble, be induced to grow well in such places and give us their graceful fronds in abundance for many months of the year. Apart from their usefulness in transforming erstwhile



W. A. Rouch.

THE BEGINNER HITS THE HURDLE.

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Then comes "work" in earnest. There will be schooling gallops in the morning now. He can jump, yes; but he has got a lot to learn yet. How is it that, do what he will, the two old horses going with him "slip" him at every fence? That is just what he has got to find out. Now then! This time his rider gives him a hint to "take off." He is willing enough. He clears the fence all right with his fore legs; but what is that off hind leg sprawling about for? It catches the fence hard and very nearly upsets him—not quite, though, and on they go, over all right this time. Just a light "feel" on the mouth, no more, has helped him to collect himself. He is upsideways with the old ones this time, but they slip away from him on landing. Never mind; it cannot all be learned at once.

So his education goes on. It will not be all plain sailing; he has to learn to jump when he is tired, and that takes a bit of doing; but it will all come right in the end, and one of these days his owner will be heard saying: "He may not win, but just look at my horse jumping!" That will be when his education is complete and he knows all there is to know of the art of getting over and away from the fences without so much as a moment's pause. Finished though his education may be for all ordinary purposes, it may well be that the young 'chaser has something left to learn; it may be that he promises to develop into a "National" horse. If so, and if owner and trainer are in earnest, special fences will be built up for his benefit; nor will it be long before he finds out that to negotiate these in safety he will have to do all he knows, and a bit more. Perhaps as a five year old he will make his first

ugly spots into dales of beauty, these hardy Ferns are well worth a place in the best gardens, because no other plants will provide us with such an atmosphere of refreshing coolness on a scorching hot day in mid-summer. Nor must we forget their winter beauty. If the dead fronds are allowed to remain *in situ*, as they should be, until well into the spring, they provide quite a study in russets and varying shades of brown during the dull days of winter, when interesting features in the outdoor garden are none too plentiful.

Another feature that ought not to be overlooked when hardy Ferns are under consideration is their almost unique suitability for association with flowering plants that either appreciate fairly dense shade in summer or which flower early in the year, when the biting blasts of the slowly lengthening days sweep over the land, and when the shelter of the dead fronds is so welcome to their floral neighbours. One has vivid recollections of the companionship of a riotous mass of hardy Ferns and stately Foxgloves in a woodland glade, where shade and moisture, with an abundance of decaying vegetable matter in the soil, were evidently highly appreciated by the twain. But even more vivid is the recollection of a woodland scene in the cold, almost cheerless, days of January and February, when Snowdrops, Scillas, Christmas Roses, hardy Cyclamen, the dainty little *Narcissus minimus* and its larger, though almost equally early, *confrère*, *pallidus præcox*, were nesting their flowers contentedly in the curled russet fronds of the Ferns. Such a scene is possible in every garden where tall trees, excepting Beeches and those of an evergreen character, are present. A splendid object-lesson in this style of growing hardy Ferns may be

seen any day at Kew, at the foot of the mound whereon the storks make their nest and which is hard by the Cumberland Gate. There always appears to me to be something akin to the best traits of Nature in this association of winter flowers and summer Ferns. The one provide protection for the others at the season when it is most needed, and both seem to derive some benefit from the association, though the flowering plants, I think, score the most points.

However we may decide to group or associate our hardy Ferns with other plants, a few points are essential for successful cultivation; and as the present time is a good one for planting, it may be useful to draw attention to them now. It will have been gathered, from what has already been said, that the majority of hardy Ferns suitable for growing in our gardens like a cool situation and soil that is reasonably moist and contains a good proportion of decaying vegetable matter, generally in the form of dead leaves. This is not always easy to arrange, particularly where the plants are to be grown under the shade of trees; but even though the soil there is not so moist as we would like, many of the Shield Ferns or *Polystichums*, the Broad Buckler Fern (*Lastrea dilatata*), and the Lady and Male Ferns will thrive. But previous to planting,

its roots almost in water, that most noble of all hardy Ferns, the Royal Fern, *Osmunda regalis*, and its dwarfier variety *gracilis*, will make a stately feature in the shaded garden. One of the most pleasing features of a rock garden in summer is its moist corner bedecked with hardy Ferns, or the tumbling cascade, the sides of which are fringed with swaying, graceful green fronds of perhaps that gem of hardy plants, the Killarney Fern, the foliage of which must ever be covered with a film of moisture to preserve it from the least suspicion of a drying wind. The subject is one that could be pursued indefinitely, so numerous and varied are the Ferns which are hardy with us; but enough has been said to draw attention to their usefulness and attractiveness at all seasons. F. W. H.

#### A NATIONAL DIPLOMA OF HORTICULTURE.

THE first meeting of the committee appointed by the Royal Horticultural Society, in co-operation with the Board of Agriculture, Horticulture and Fisheries, was held recently, and an official definition of horticulture was made as follows: "Horticulture is a definite craft in itself, and not a department of agriculture. Horticulture, as differentiated from agriculture, includes the more intensive cultivation—as usually practised in gardens—of fruit, vegetables, flowers, shrubs and ornamental trees." The Royal Horticultural Society, in conjunction



FOXGLOVES PLANTED WITH HARDY FERNS IN THE WOODLAND.

the soil should be well and deeply dug—as deeply as the roots of the trees will allow—and if poor, some good fibrous loam, old decayed leaves and some short, well-rotted manure thoroughly mixed with it. Eighteen inches to two feet apart each way is a good distance to plant, and if winter or spring flowering plants are to be associated with the Ferns, they ought to be planted in the autumn, September being the best month for the Christmas and Lenten Roses. The Foxgloves, too, for summer effect, are best put in during autumn. Hardy Ferns that are grown under trees in this way *must* have generous supplies of water during hot weather, but this is not, in most gardens, difficult to arrange, and the results will certainly more than compensate the owner for the outlay.

Where the shade is supplied by surrounding, not overhanging, trees, boulders of rock, buildings or walls, and where the soil is naturally moist, the many beautiful forms of the Hart's-tongue Fern will thrive to perfection. The variation among these is really wonderful, yet I must confess that few appeal to me more than the plain-fronded type. In too many the foliage seems distorted and far from what Nature intended this beautiful Fern to be. With

the Board of Agriculture, has decided to establish a national diploma in horticulture, and it will be available for men and women on equal terms. Details of the qualifications of candidates have not yet been decided upon.

#### TURF FROM SEEDS.

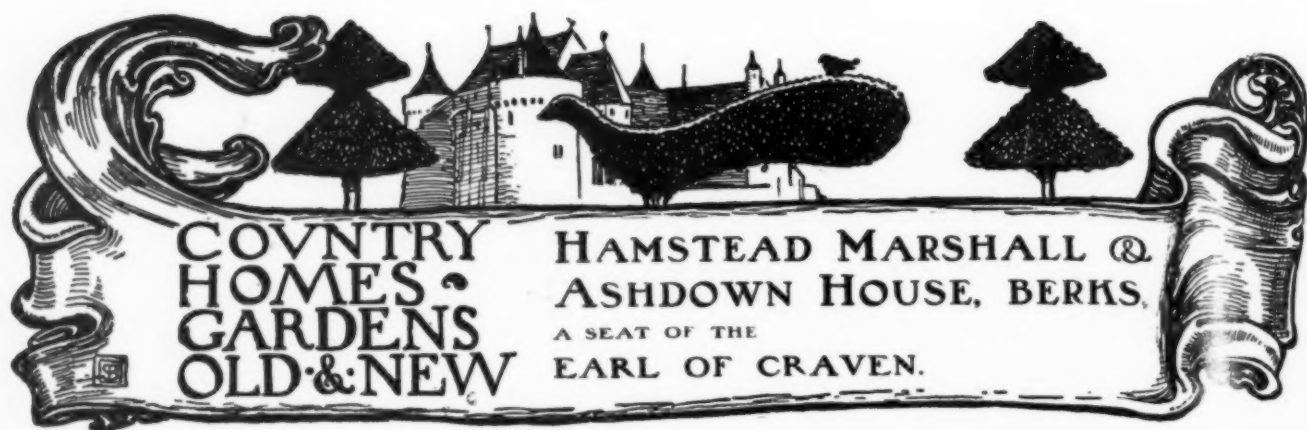
The advisability or otherwise of raising turf from seeds, and so preparing lawns, bowling greens and golf links, has been debated on more than one occasion, but where the turf is not required for immediate use it is generally conceded that good mixtures of grass seeds are best. Considerable interest was taken in a comprehensive exhibit of grasses, grass seeds and different kinds of soil arranged by Messrs. Sutton and Sons at a meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society on Tuesday of last week. Primarily intended to demonstrate the different kinds of grass mixtures suitable for the several distinct portions of golf links, the exhibit was one that the gardener who has charge of lawns and bowling greens might well learn a lesson from. The different kinds of soil shown made it evident that one mixture of grass seeds would not do for any or every garden, nor even for different parts of the same garden or grounds. To get the best results from turf it is imperative that the nature of the soil be fully considered, whether the turf is to clothe golf links, tennis lawns, bowling greens or cricket pitches, a point that those who are contemplating sowing grass seed would do well to bear in mind. In almost every instance a mixture of grasses rather than one kind is recommended, for the reason that very few grasses remain in good condition the whole year round. H.





# HUNTING THE TWO-LEGGED FOX.

All Hunt secretaries know that many fowls are claimed for (and also paid for) which have not been taken by foxes—at least, not four-legged ones! Our artist, having been suffering from the depredations of poultry thieves, sends a sketch of himself endeavouring to overtake them with the aid of a bloodhound (Mr. O. C. Riley's Monarch).



**W**ILLIAM CRAVEN, the first Earl of his name, seems, in the shadowy guise wherein he has come down to us, less a man than a bundle of paradoxes. The son of a Lord Mayor, he was a knight without fear and without reproach, whose simple faith might have cast lustre upon an age of chivalry. Matching William Beckford, "England's wealthiest son," in riches as in origin, he did not permit the austerity of a soldier to be impaired by an easy, luxurious life. He was but seventeen when he first took service under Maurice, Prince of Orange; he was knighted at twenty-one; he proved his gallantry, fighting for Gustavus Adolphus; and in 1688, when he had passed his eighty-second year, he refused to abandon the duty of guarding Whitehall until he was imperatively bidden to depart by his master, James II. In the course of his long life, which fell not far short of a hundred years, neither his courage nor the independence of his spirit fell for a moment under suspicion.

The passion of his life was the cause of the Stewarts, a cause which never asked its friends in vain the sacrifice of their lives and fortunes. Loyally devoted as he was to Charles I., it was to Charles' sister Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, that Craven attached himself most closely, without hope of profit or reward.

He followed the fortunes of this hapless, gay-hearted lady with a faithfulness to which history affords no parallel. He thought of himself marred the nobility of his sacrifice. He lived only to lavish his care and wealth upon a Princess whose hand, when she was widowed, he could not hope to win, and whom he treated always with the ceremony which a courtier owes to his sovereign. The rumour of a secret marriage is, I believe, entirely baseless. Whatever services Craven did to the Queen of Bohemia, he did at the dictates of a generous heart. He watched over her persons with the same zeal wherewith he watched over her happiness, and the long course of their friendship was never interrupted by a misunderstanding nor by a harsh word. Their letters, of which many remain, are not the expression of a tardy love. Craven never permits himself an indiscretion. To him the Queen is always "Your Majesty," and he describes himself in no warmer terms than as "Your humblest and most obedient servant." Once only, fearing infection for his Queen, is he guilty of a solicitous familiarity. "For God's sake," he then exclaims, "have a great care of yourself; for if your Majesty were to miscarry, that loss were never to be repaired. God in His infinite mercy protect you!" And Elizabeth matched his discretion by a certain amiable reticence. There were those







Position shown at "E" on Kip's view.

Detail of one of the piers marked "A" on Kip's view.

RELICS OF THE OLD GARDEN AT HAMSTEAD MARSHALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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## GATEWAY IN CURVED WALL.

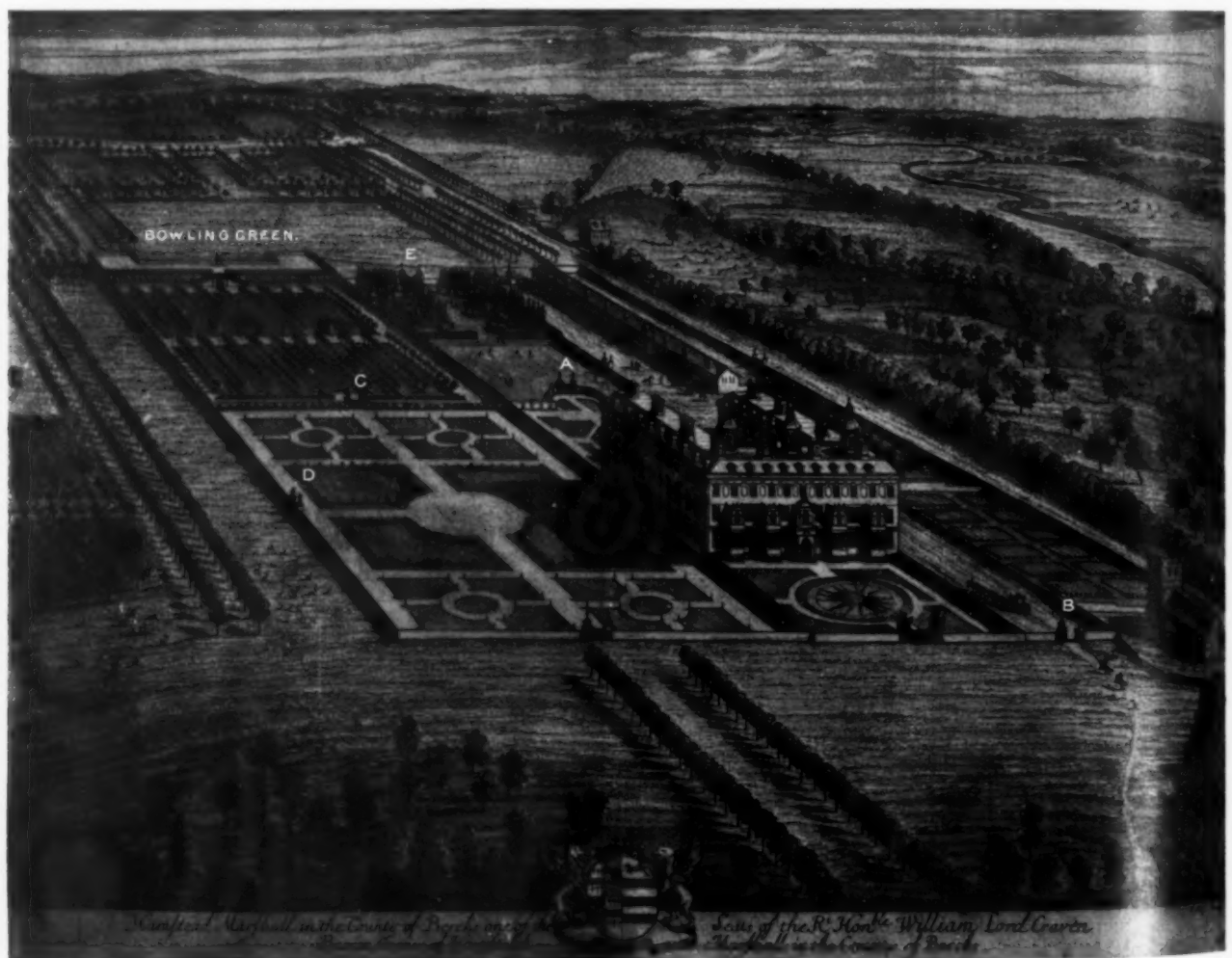
Marked "A" on Kip's view.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

to whom she employed an animated method of address. She did not disdain to call Carlisle, in perfect good humour, "thou ugly, filthy camel's face." When she wrote to Craven it was always in the measured style of friendship.

Nor did ever a Princess stand more nearly in need of aid and sympathy than Elizabeth of Bohemia. At the outset of her life the auspices were favourable. She was beautiful, accomplished and beloved. Her childhood, spent at Combe Abbey, afterwards the home of Craven, was unruffled by care. Among those who sought her hand in marriage were Gustavus Adolphus and the King of Spain. That she chose Frederick, the humble Count Palatine of the Rhine, so angered her mother that she called her in contempt "Goody Palsgrave." Nevertheless, the marriage was celebrated in 1613 with the greatest splendour. John Donne composed an Epithalamium in honour of the event,

and for once King James forgot his economies. (It is strange how at every point the careers of Elizabeth and Craven touched. Not merely did they share memories of Combe Abbey, but Craven, who was but seven at the wedding of the Princess, was destined to receive, twenty years later, the dedication of the poems of Donne, who wrote the marriage-song, sung on St. Valentine's Day, 1613.) For six years her happiness was complete. In 1619 her ambition was flattered by the Crown of Bohemia, set upon Frederick's head. But from that day until her death she knew few hours of peace. Henceforth war and strife were her constant companions. Though she wore the title of the Queen of Hearts, she reigned only in the hearts of her friends. Frederick, defeated both in war and in diplomacy, lost not only his kingdom, but his Palatinate. Then it was that Craven came, with his purse and his courage, to the aid of the



## KIP'S VIEW OF HAMSTEAD MARSHALL.

The lettering marks the position of the various gatepiers shown in the photographs



Queen. He spent the money, which his father had amassed in successful speculation, freely upon the lost or losing cause of the Palatinate. Not content with giving, in 1637, £30,000 for the equipment of the army, he fought with Rupert against the Emperor's troops, and at Lemgo the Prince and his friend, defeated honourably by superior numbers, were taken prisoners. Did ever a Lord Mayor's son find himself in so finely romantic

Deserted by her son, overwhelmed by the rebellion in England, she found a refuge in Holland, and in Craven her sole friend. At the death of Charles I. she threw wisdom to the winds, and supported openly and passionately the cause of the English Royalists. The Parliament retaliated and suspended the payment of her pension, and, in order that a blow might be struck at her through her friend, Craven was charged, on



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THE GATEWAY BY THE CHURCH.  
Marked "B" on Kip's view.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

a situation! A ransom of £20,000 bought Craven his liberty, and it is characteristic of this chivalrous, disinterested man that he offered a far larger sum if only he might be permitted to share Rupert's captivity. The Queen of Bohemia would rather have seen Rupert dead than captive. "I am born to much affliction," she said. "To show little grief to the world is at present as much as I can do."

the false evidence of a spy, with conspiracy to fight against "the barbarous and inhuman rebels, the commons of England." That he was proved innocent of this supreme folly mattered not. He was condemned all the same, and his estates were taken from him. No doubt the bitterest drop in his cup was that henceforth the usefulness of his service was impaired. But if his purse was empty, he could still use his pen and his influence



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AT HAMSTEAD MARSHALL: GATEPIERS SHOWN AT "C" ON KIP'S VIEW. "COUNTRY LIFE."

for the benefit of the Queen. He did his utmost to persuade Charles Louis, the Elector Palatine, to discharge the duty he owed his mother. He even essayed the barren task of arguing with the Parliament of England. His efforts were made in vain. The Queen of Bohemia, penniless and oppressed by debt, would have starved to death had it not been for the faith and affection of her Dutch creditors. "It may be my next letter will tell you," she wrote to Craven, "I have no more to eat :

this is no parable but the certain truth, for there is no money, nor credit for any ; and this week, if there be none found, I shall have neither meat, nor bread, nor candles." Even after the restoration of Charles II., the Queen of Bohemia fared none too well. Charles, amiably indifferent to the sufferings of others, refused or forgot to send for her, and had not Craven been at Court to press her suit, she might have died unfriended at the Hague. But Craven, still mindful of his friend, solved the



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ASHDOWN HOUSE : THE ENTRANCE FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



difficulty of expense by offering the Queen the shelter of his house in Drury Lane. Thus, after an absence of nearly half a century, she revisited her native land. She came too late. In 1662 she died, bequeathing to Lord Craven her papers and pictures, still treasured at Combe Abbey, the home of her childhood, and his possession acquired, one likes to think, by a sentimental purchase.

As we look back upon his career, Craven appears to us as a blameless Sir Galahad in an unexpected place. We might not

which he affected made him enemies, and Pepys, in a rare passage of hypocrisy, pretended shame at a speech that he made. The prevailing opinion is bitterly expressed in a letter, written by Sir Nathaniel Hobart and printed in "The Verney Memoirs." "What saies the court of this man?" asks the truculent blade. "They laugh at him and desire things may be reduced to their first principle. Would you have my opinion of him? Truly his wealth is his greatest enemy, and yet his only friend. It begetts, in his inferiours, a disguise friendship; in his equals



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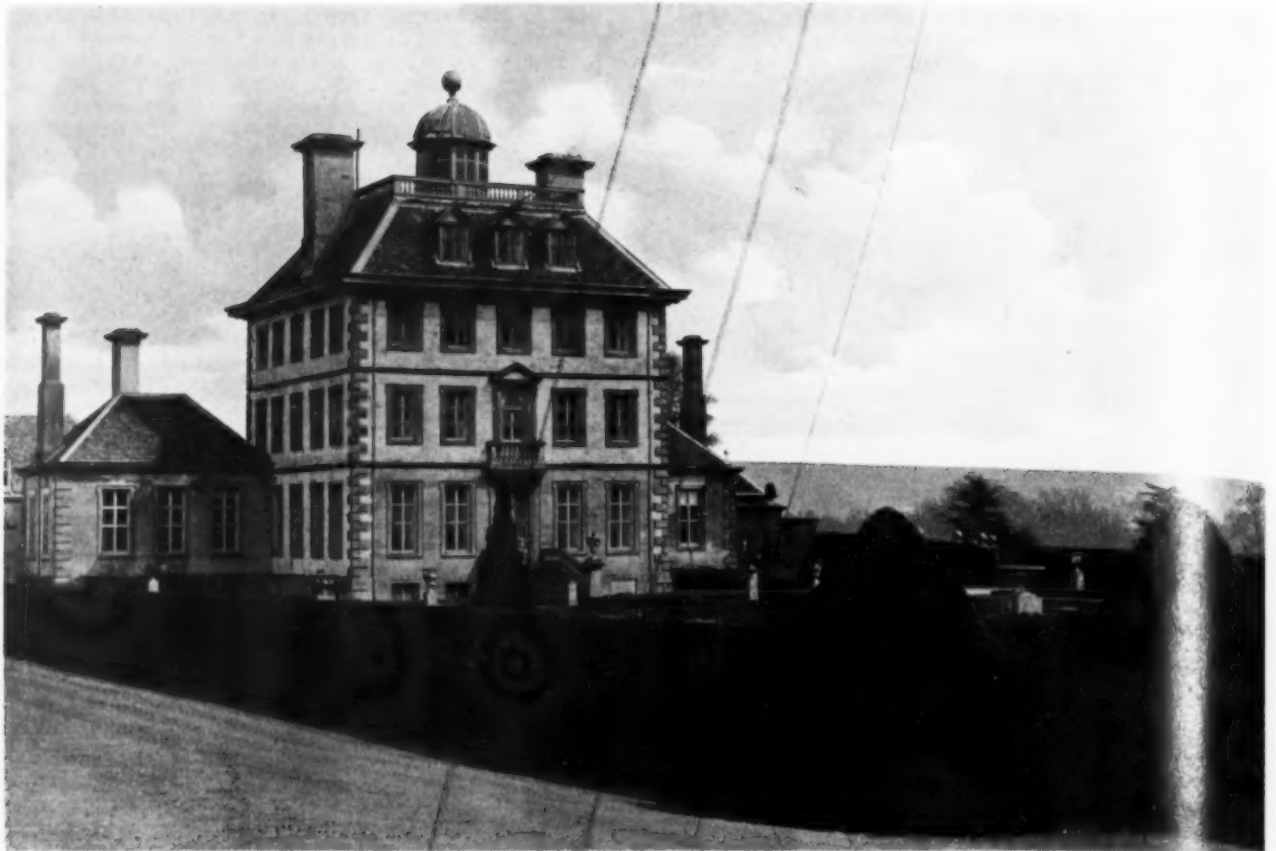
ASHDOWN HOUSE: WEST SIDE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

have supposed that he would have played Sir Galahad's part. We must acknowledge that he played it extremely well. His contemporaries took another view. With a kind of envy, they condemned him for holding the place that he held in the Queen of Bohemia's regard. They found him eccentric, and assailed him with the nickname of "the little mad mylord." The commons condemned him, a son of the people, as a renegade. The courtiers, jealous of his pretension and influence, refused to accept him as one of themselves. A certain freedom of tongue

envy. His vanity makes him accessible to the one; the meanness of his birth, person, parts, contemptible to the other." Craven could afford to laugh at envious detraction. He knew himself brave, and he knew himself trusted. It was not until the death of Rupert, who appointed him executor of his will and guardian of his daughter, that he fulfilled the last service which he owed to the Queen of Hearts.

Even in the building of his houses he was not unmindful of the influence of the Queen. The "stately pile" which he



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ASHDOWN HOUSE: THE GARDEN FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

set up at Hamstead Marshall was nothing less than a modest imitation of Heidelberg. It may well have been intended as a habitation for the Queen of Bohemia, since, though it was begun early in 1662, the year of her death, it was doubtless planned on her return to England. The history of the site is ancient and honourable. Originally the property of the Mareschalls or Marshalls, Earls of Pembroke, Hamstead Marshall came into the possession of the Bigods, Earls of Norfolk, and passed, in 1306, into the hands of the

King. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Sir T. Parry, Treasurer of the Queen's Household, acquired it, and there built for himself a noble mansion. From his hands it passed to those of William Craven, Lord Mayor of London, and there it was that, in 1662, Sir Balthazar Gerbier, architect, ambassador, traitor and fantastic, laid the foundations of his imitation of Heidelberg in pious flattery of the Queen. No nobler site can be imagined. The house stands upon a wooded plateau in a country which not even



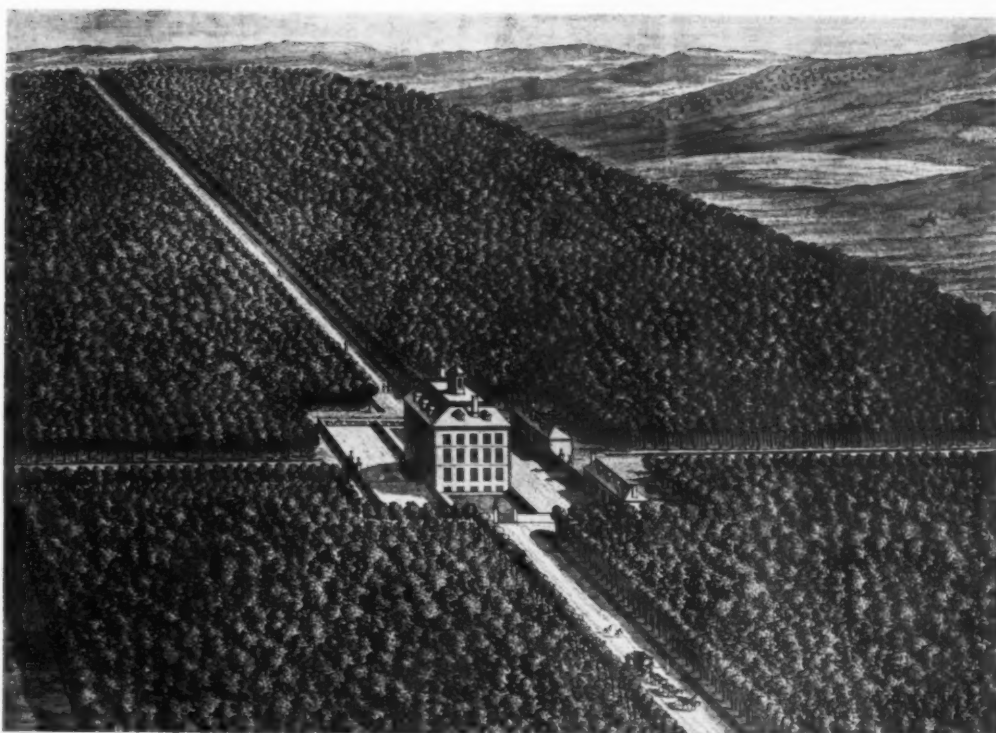
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THE FORMAL GARDEN AT ASHDOWN HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



railroads and jerry-builders have succeeded in spoiling. The house destroyed by fire in 1718 we know only by Kip's engraving. Its effect was one of exquisite uniformity. It stood in a walled and formal garden, and even to-day, nearly two hundred years after the fire, we can yet trace the foundations of the house and its boundaries. The brick piers of the gates, which once gave access to the garden, still remain, no less imposing relics of a vanished splendour, because they stand as it were in a wilderness, the outposts of a ruined house. The ingenious Lysons thought little of them. "Some clumsy brick piers," says he, "which remain in the park, ornamented with sphinxes and gryphons, afford but an unfavourable specimen of the architect's taste." The sphinxes and gryphons are no longer to be seen, and for the rest it is impossible to accept Lysons' censure. Nor are the piers the only relics of the past grandeur of Hamstead Marshall. There you



KIP'S VIEW OF ASHDOWN HOUSE



Copyright.

THE STAIRCASE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

may still descry the orchard, with its trees planted in well-ordered rows, as in Kip's day, and beyond the orchard a raised platform, which, approached by a double staircase, served the purpose of bowling alley and belvedere.

The architect of Hamstead Marshall deserves a passing notice. A native of Middelburg, he first practised the art of painting, collected pictures for Buckingham, and finding diplomatic affairs more to his taste than the fine arts, accompanied

his patron to Spain. There he negotiated a peace with Rubens, and history cannot show two other artists thus employed. For a while Charles I. trusted him, but adventure had a stronger hold upon him than diplomacy, and he made no scruple of selling his master's secrets. And when all else failed, even mines in Cayenne, he commenced architect, and doubtless had no better training than Vanbrugh could boast, when he turned from comedy to the building of England's stately homes. Gerbier preached also what he practised. Not only did he keep an academy, where he taught "architecture, perspective, drawing, limning," etc., but he published a work entitled, "Counsel and Advise to all



THE QUEEN OF BOHEMIA'S GIFT.

Builders," which he equipped with forty-one dedicatory epistles, and which Pepys was

"ashamed" to have bought. Hamstead Marshall was his last, unfinished work. There he died in 1667, and was buried in the neighbouring church, leaving the duty of completing the design to Wynde, his colleague, who eight years later built for the house a new front.

Whatever Lord Craven's taste in architecture may have been, he had a keen eye for a perfect site. Hamstead Marshall boldly stands "up and takes the morning." Some twenty miles from Hamstead Marshall is Ashdown Park, another of his seats. Solitary and remote, built upon the open downs, it is a house which once had four avenues, looking one to each of the four points of the compass, and with windows upon two sides of each room. There is a tradition that Craven rode forth from London at a time of plague to seek a site for a house which should be free from infection, and did not draw rein until he reached Ashdown. The tradition is plainly incredible. Craven was no poltroon. There was nothing he liked to fight so well as a plague, except a fire, and truly he was given a chance for either combat. His courage during the plague was as great as Pepys', and so keen was his zest to suppress fires that he had taught his horse also to catch the very scent of burning. But though we may turn a deaf ear to the voice of legend, we must yet admit that Ashdown Park is the paradise of those who love a sharp air and wide,

rolling country. It is downland now where once the forest grew, but essentially the house, which has been ascribed on imperfect authority to John Webb, the pupil of Inigo Jones, is the same to-day as when the architect set the last stone upon it. It comes upon you in its solitude as something of a surprise. In every sense it is a gentleman's house, plain in its neatness and of a modest size. Discreet in ornament, or absence of ornament, it reserves for within its handsomest effect. Its noble staircase is in keeping with the gravity of its style, and yet takes you by a pleasant surprise. Nor even here will you look in vain for the influence and inspiration of the Queen of Bohemia. She seems to rule at Ashdown as once she ruled at Hamstead Marshall, though she lived to see neither house, by the quiet persistence of her memory. For Craven, at any rate, who outlived her by thirty-five years, she was not dead. There on the walls at Ashdown you may still see the stag horns which she brought from Germany, and the portraits of Craven himself, of Prince Maurice and his sisters, painted at the Queen's command by Honthorst. Thus it is that the houses which Craven built, and the pictures wherewith he adorned them, are pious monuments of the devotion which he paid through the many years of an unparalleled friendship to the Queen of Hearts, celebrated in immortal verse as "the dearest and gentlest of her kind."

C. W.

## WINTRY WEATHER ON THE HILLS.

**A**S wintry weather approaches there is dread in the outlook of the inhabitants of every little hillside farmhouse in Westmorland. At this season the mountains that tower above them are the playground of the sounding blast, the driving rain and the pitiless snow, and it is the thought of the snow which is the cause of their foreboding fear. Far up on those grim heights part of the flock must quest for their scant sustenance; and the farmer and his shepherd know that any morning, without warning, they may waken to find mountain and valley robed in glittering whiteness, which, before it disappears, may have taken disastrous toll of the flock. It is a menace as disquieting as the sword of Damocles. On such a morning we arrive at

the farm just as the shepherd has finished feeding the rams and a few ewes with a ration of crushed corn. "I'm about to start for t' top of Fairfield to search for t' sheep—would you like a walk?"

He is quick to read the look of hesitancy in our face as we glance at those glinting buttresses. "You know you can easily turn back if you get tired."

We wonder how far our strength will carry us before we "get tired and turn back." But we determine to go. The arch of blue sky, the brilliant sunshine with the mere hint of a breeze, are ideal conditions for such a venture.

"Will you hev a stick?" It is the shepherd's way of saying, "you need one." An ash sapling is brought from the barn



C. E. Walmsley.

WINTER ON THE HILLS.

Copyright





C. E. Walsley.

WHEN FODDER IS WELCOME.

Copyright.

it is seven feet long and about the thickness of an alpenstock. Mop and Jack, the sheepdogs, are waiting. Mop is a veteran and as keenly conscious as the shepherd of the nature of the work before them—and as naturally sedate. Jack is obviously "on pleasure bent." He is a young dog with no experience of snow behind him, and like John Gilpin:

He little thought when he set out  
Of running such a rig.

From under the barn-door are thrust the muzzle and eyes of the farmer's dog, Bob. In his eyes and low whine there is a pathetic request to accompany us. Soon his ardour shall have full scope ranging with his master the perilous slopes of Red Scree.

Leaving the farmyard, we cross the Shepherds' Bridge and immediately begin to climb, for the farmhouse is on the instep of the Fells. The snow is knee-deep. Selfishly we let the shepherd break the track. Then we follow with precision in his footsteps. Naturally, our talk is of dogs and sheep and past experience of winter work on the Fells. It is the shepherd who does most of the talking. The exertion of the climb leaves us with scarcely sufficient breath to ask or answer a question. And, as is befitting, it is round the dogs, who play so eagerly and perfectly the leading parts in that vast, silent theatre of the Fells, that the interest revolves.

"Yes; Rap was the cleverest dog we iver hed. A better finder of snowed-up sheep was niver born. If he marked there was sure to be a sheep underneath. Once a farmer walked over t' pass fra Patterdale to look at t' sheep. He suddenly decided to buy some and drive them back that neet. But he hedn't a dog. We lent him Rap, telling him to send it back next morning. During t' neet there was a snowstorm. We knew we could do nowt without Rap t' next day, and were sorry we had let him go. But t' next morning when we opened t' door there was Rap on t' doorstep! T' Patterdale farmer said that when it began to snow Rap kept on whining and scratching at t' door. When it was opened he made a bee-line for home. He knew we had need of him."

The higher we climb the deeper the snow. Occasionally we sink to the hips; and, if unfortunate enough to step on a hidden, sloping boulder, we disappear in a flurry of snow. Mop quests from right to left and left to right. So far she has not marked. Jack follows her every movement, but is more of a hindrance than a help. Topping a rise, we stand, as it were, on the rim of a bowl, far down whose precipitous, curving side are clustered the larger portion of the flock. "That's verra lucky! I will save us a lot of wark! They've hed

sense to mak' for t' bottom when t' storm began." Quick as the rise of mercury in sunshine is the uplift of the shepherd's spirits at the discovery. "I can quite understand a man on holiday enjoying a scene like this; but it kills t' enjoyment when one's sheep are under t' snow." Our thoughts hark back to "Lorna Doone" and "girt Jack Ridd's" declaration during the "Great Winter": "But although, for people who had no sheep, the sight was a very fine one, yet for us, with our flock beneath it, the great mount (drift) had but little charm."

Again we breast the ridge and are soon ploughing through a waist-deep drift. "Be careful! there is a ghyll here, and we might break through." There is no indication of it, but the shepherd knows every feature of that hillside as a man knows his own garden. Mop, who is in advance, stands rigid, as if frozen, with head outstretched, sniffing the air. "There are sheep in this ghyll." Walking along the edge of what he considers the small ravine, the shepherd thrusts his long stick through the snow at intervals of six feet. Mop follows, testing eagerly the small air-shafts. The stick almost disappears; and as the shepherd turns to say he has touched a sheep, Mop catches the warm scent and begins to dig. Immediately all are busy removing the snow. The process is repeated until a dozen sheep are standing in the sunlight, none the worse for their temporary entombment. They are entrusted to Mop. She drives them down the curving slope of whiteness, which obliterates all detail, and centres, with vivid emphasis, our attention upon her every movement and that of the sheep. In doubt as to their destination, she casts backward glances for guidance, and as the shepherd's arm moves to right or left, so the dog and sheep move in rhythmical continuation of the movement. Along the thinly covered ribs of the declivity they move quickly; but as they flounder through the deep drifts Mop's enthusiasm is held in abeyance by the uplifted hand of the shepherd. "That deep snow takes a lot out of them; and they might stick fast if driven hard." A shrill whistle and a backward sweep of the arm recall Mop from the foot of the slope, where the sheep are left to find their companions in the valley.

With lolling tongue and heaving sides, Mop flings herself on the cooling snow. "Well! is she ready for a rest?" the shepherd enquires, as he stoops to pat her. "So are we—and a smoke." Turning our faces from the north and the silent, implacable barriers, we seek the shelter of a boulder with a southerly aspect. Down, down the eye drops to the little village under the hill, whose houses seem huddled

as closely as the sheep we left in the valley. Out over the lake it roves, and over the farthest summit of Gummer's Howe to the sea. There is a low-lying, veil-like mist which—as if conscious of a sense of colour—catches the cold, white winter sunbeams and so transmutes them that the distant sea is turned into bronze and the nearer lake into shimmering gold. Above the skirts of the mist, on the side of that old burial-ground, Latterbarrow, the surface-frozen snow of a few fields reflects the slanting sunbeams. "Look at those fields near Wray!" exclaims the shepherd. "They are like mother-of-pearl. One might almost imagine an invisible wizard was polishing them." We knew that, despite the apparent indifference of the morning, the shepherd cherished an ardent, indissoluble love for his home and the beauty of his environment. A love that was strengthened during his schooldays at Hawkshead—where, seated at Wordsworth's desk, he carried off the Latin prize—and made perfect by the choice of a shepherd's life. And we are sure that, had any other calling claimed him, neither its obligations nor its locality would have clouded his vision of

The forms of sheep that grazed  
On verdant hills—with dwellings among trees,  
And shepherds clad in the same country grey  
That he himself had worn.

Before starting for the last barrier we cut away the snow which has gradually gathered on Jack's heavily feathered fore legs and holds him as securely as if hobbled with rope. He follows in our track and, finding it easier than breaking one for himself, complacently maintains it. Ahead we hear Mop barking. We find her standing over a dead sheep. The shepherd knows it as well as he knows Mop. "It is an old one. And a shepherd reckons to lose one or two." We approach the boundary wall which creeps almost to the head of the fell. The snow has drifted against it, climbed to the top and curved

over, where it hangs like a huge billow about to break. Mop seems to think that this broad highway of snow may have tempted some of the flock to stray. She mounts to the top to search with her eyes the neighbouring heaf, but will not leave her own without a word from her master. "Nay, Mop, now's gone ower." Slowly we move by the side of the wall, thrusting our long sticks into the drift as hopefully as prospectors searching for gold. Three more of the flock are found, and the shepherd joyfully announces that we have found "all but one."

The gathering snow-clouds and the rapidly waning day are portents too sinister to ignore. "We'll skirt yon crag and come down the gully; maybe we'll pick up the last sheep there." The descent (especially over the rough, rock-strewn ground, with its treacherous covering of snow) proves more perilous than the ascent. Again and again the ground seems to fall from under us, and we slither down the fell. In front the shepherd falls heavily. His shoulder strikes the snow and his head is brought to rest within a couple of inches of an outcropping jagged rock. "I think thoo was placed there for mischief," is his facetious remark as he looks at the rock. Immediately we realise the anxiety of the shepherd's wife, who looks upon these fells as a place of fear. An accident followed by a night amid frost and snow would mean certain death. We reach the valley without finding the last of the flock. The rest are driven before us to the home pastures, where they will be fed on hay until the ground is clear of snow. As the shepherd lets them through the hog-hole—that small hole in the wall which serves the purpose of a gate—his fingers are so benumbed he can scarcely roll back the covering stone. Throughout the day he has eaten nothing. But he tells us he will be perfectly satisfied when he has finished the potato-pie made of good fell mutton that is awaiting him and he is sitting by the fire with a cup of coffee.

C. E. W.

## THE RARIORA OF THE TAVERN.

IN the course of the year 1776, Samuel Johnson, if James Boswell may be trusted, uttered two undeniable truisms. He declared "that there is no private house in which people can enjoy themselves so well as in a capital tavern," and he supplemented that statement by averring that "there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn." The latter term is of Anglo-Saxon origin, but when the Great Cham of Literature made these oracular statements, the tavern (as distinguished from the inn) was at least six centuries old, for it was somewhere about 1180 that Walter Mapes, the jovial Archdeacon of Oxford, and on two occasions the travelling companion of Henry II., introduced into his satirical Goliardic verses the lines:

Meum est prepositum in taberna mori;  
Vinum sit appositum morientis ori.

The love of the tavern expressed by this genial Churchman towards the close of the twelfth century was even more intense than that acknowledged by the great lexicographer six hundred years later; but the tavern of 1776, in all probability, bore little resemblance to its primitive prototype of 1180. It was in the age of Johnson and Garrick that the tavern played as important a part in the social economy of London and England as the coffee-house had done in the age of Dryden, Addison and Steele. The taverns which Johnson loved are the lineal ancestors of the restaurant of to-day, just as the successor of the eighteenth century inn is the twentieth century hotel. Our present concern is with the rariora of the tavern, taking the word, which is common to the French, Spanish and Italian languages, to indicate "a house where wines and other liquors are sold and where entertainment is provided for parties." Swift evidently did not share the Johnsonian sympathy for taverns, for he proposed to "repress the vices of the town by compelling all taverns and ale-houses to dismiss their company at twelve at night, and by suffering no woman to enter them." Bishop Hall, less tolerant than Archdeacon Mapes, shook his head mournfully over "the misrule of our taverning." It is also essential to differentiate between the vintners, whose motto was "Vinum exhilarat animum," and the taverners, who apparently had no device at all, and never seem to have formed themselves into a guild. Many vintners were also taverners, but in most cases the taverner was merely the agent of the vintner. The connection between the two callings was obviously very close, and six years after the vintners or vintonners obtained recognition in 1364, we find the Mayor and Court of Aldermen of London agreeing to certain regulations for tavern-keepers, or taverners, drawn up by the vintners, and involving wide

powers of search and inspection, and considerable amercement in case of contumacy and fraud. The tavern-keepers were supposed to proceed to the appointment of four overseers to secure observance of these rules.

It is from the various tokens issued by the owner that we obtain the most reliable information as to the taverns of Elizabethan and Stewart times, some of which survived to witness the conviviality of the epoch usually described as Georgian. The most notable of these "houses of call" was perhaps the Devil Tavern, a few paces to the east of Temple Bar, on the south side of Fleet. It is mentioned as "of old repute" as early as 1563, and there is an ancient token bearing on the obverse a rude representation of St. Dunstan holding the Devil by his nose, and the legend, "At the Devil and Dunstan's." On the reverse are the words, "Within Temple Barre. I.S.W." Simon Wadlow ruled as host in James I.'s reign, when Ben Jonson attributed his happiest inspirations to the good wine which he and his boys consumed "at the Devil." It was here in the great room known as the Oracle of Apollo, or the Apollo Chamber, that the Apollo Club held its dignified orgies with which the name of "rare Ben Jonson" is always closely associated. The original bust of Apollo, which stood above the door, as well as the tablet inscribed with Jonson's oft-quoted words of welcome, are still preserved by the proprietors of Child's Bank. It is to Jonson also that are attributed the "Sociable Rules of the Apollo," beginning with the lines:

Let none but guests, or clubbers, hither come.  
Let dunces, fools, sad sordid men keep home.  
Let learned, civil, merry men, b' invited,  
And modest too; nor be choice ladies slighted.

In 1703 the Duchess of Richmond's jewels were sold in "the Apollo chamber, adjoining to the old Devil's tavern," and that the apartment in question was on the upper floor is evident from the lines in Prior's and Montagu's "Hind and Panther Transversed":

Thence to the Devil—  
Thus to the place where Jonson sat, we climb,  
Leaning on the same rail that guided him.

Jonson often introduced his favourite tavern into his plays. In his "Staple of News," played in 1625, he puts in the mouth of Pennyboy Canter, one of the characters, the words:

Dine in Apollo, with Pecunia  
At brave Duke Wadloe's.

To which his son replies:

Content I' faith;  
Our meal shall be brought thither: Simon the King  
Will bid us welcome.



Two years later an entry in St. Dunstan's registers records the burial of Symon Wadlow, Vintner, "out of Fleet Street." The name of his son John appears in the wardmote return of 1646. We catch a glimpse of the hanging sign, adorned with the Devil sable, in one of Hogarth's "Hudibras" illustrations; but with unpardonable inaccuracy he puts the house on the wrong side of the street. Pepys, who loved a "capital" tavern quite as much as Ben Jonson did before him, or Samuel Johnson after him, records that on April 22nd, 1661, the day preceding Charles II.'s Coronation, "Wadlow, the vintner at the Devil in Fleet Street, did lead a fine company of soldiers all young comely men, in white doublets." In the *Tatler* of October 11th, 1709, will be found an account of the wedding entertainment given at the Devil in honour of the marriage of Bickerstaff's sister Jenny, and just a year later, notwithstanding the hard words he said of taverns, Dean Swift dined there at Dr. Garth's invitation to meet Mr. Addison. During the first half of the eighteenth century the Royal Society and the Grand Lodge of Freemasons frequently held their symposia there. In the collection of the writer is an elaborately engraved

### The Bottle Conjurer, from Head to Foot without Equivocation



A HAYMARKET TAVERN IN 1749.

the taverners often fixed a bunch of gilded grapes at the end of the suspending rod. In Hogarth's "Industrious Prentice Lord Mayor of London" plate the artistic and elaborate iron-work which in many cases supported the hanging sign is sufficiently well illustrated, while in his "Night" the Rummer and the Earl of Cardigan, two of the taverns at the west end of the Strand, are delineated with considerable care. In each case a bunch of grapes adorns the ponderous sign. This is also observable in the very rare print, now reproduced, which gives us some idea of the appearance of the Haymarket in 1749, the year in which the Bottle Conjurer's Hoax was perpetrated at the Little Theatre, the site of which has since been occupied by the Café de l'Europe and the Pall Mall Restaurant. The caricature bears the title, "The Bottle Conjurer, from Head to Foot without Equivocation," and in the window of the tavern opposite the playhouse are Lord Chesterfield and David Garrick, the former holding the offending bottle. On the lintel of the theatre door are the words, "Foote gives tea." Below are twelve lines of doggerel verse. Posterity, however, associates the Duke of Montagu with the trick instead of Chesterfield or Garrick. In this instance a small figure of Bacchus supplements the bunch of grapes, and this appears to have

King at Home," are excellent views of the St. James' Coffee House and the Gloucester Tavern in Pall Mall, and the Thatched House Tavern in St. James' Street, approximately on the site of the club bearing the same name. In the engraving known as the "Beaux Disaster" the artist makes a conspicuous feature of the sign of the Ship in Butchers' Row, looking towards Temple Bar. As all traders eventually adopted a hanging sign,



A LONDON CHOP-HOUSE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

summons to a meeting of the Honourable Society of the Hurlothumbo at the Devil Tavern on February 17th, 1736. It is engraved by G. Bickham, after a design by R. West, who was apparently a member. The document is stated to be "given at the Apollo, etc." Between this time and the date of its appearance the Sols, Bucks and numberless convivial associations met at this popular house; but in 1764 the famous hanging sign shared the fate of its compeers in Fleet Street and the Strand, and was placed flat against the wall. There it remained until 1787, when the freehold was purchased by Messrs. Child and the building completely demolished. A few years earlier Johnson had given a dinner-party at the Devil Tavern on the occasion of the publication of one of Mrs. Charlotte Lennox's books, and a joyous company made merry over a huge apple-pie crowned with bay leaves. Eleven years before the Devil closed its doors, the lawyers of the vicinity had established a Pandemonium Club in the Apollo Room, so soon doomed to disappear. It is from the caricatures of the period that one obtains the best idea of what the London taverns and chop-houses were like before the removal of the hanging signs, which must have added materially to the picturesqueness of the streets. In a satirical print of 1680, entitled "St. James's in October. The

*Grab-Street Journal*  
4 Apr. 1734  
London Punch-house, Ludgate-Hill,  
Three Punch-Bowls on Iron Pedestals before  
the Door.

(This House I opened solely for the better accommodating all Gentlemen who are Lovers of PUNCH, and was the first who undertook the making and selling of it in this Manner, and am the only one whose sole Business it is, no other Liquor being therein sold)

**W**here, to the greatest Perfection, the best old Batavia, Arrack, Jamaica Rum, and French Brandy are made into PUNCH, viz. a Quart of Arrack made into Punch for 6 s. a Quart of Rum or Brandy for 4 s. and so in proportion to half a Quartum for 3 d. (before which the pr. Of a Quart of Arrack made into Punch was 3 s. a Quart of Rum or Brandy 6 s. and seldom less than a Bowl of 1 s. 6 d. to be had.) And that the Fairness of this undertaking may appear to every one, the Sherbet is always brought by itself, and the Brandy, Rum, or Arrack in the Measure, by which Means there can be no Impostion either in Quality or Quantity. For proof, whosoever, and for the perfection to which it is made, I appeal to all Gentlemen who have done me the Honour to call at my House.

**JAMES ASHLEY.**  
N. B. Brandy, Rum, and Arrack sold, neat as imported, by Wholesale.

*Note.* A very sober Man about 40, qualified for teaching French, English, Writing and Arithmetick, is desirous to serve in some Family in or near London. He will be well recommended, and Notice may be had of him at the said LONDON PUNCH House.

ADVERTISEMENT OF A LUDGATE HILL PUNCH-HOUSE IN 1734.

Punch House on Ludgate Hill, dated April 4th, 1734, speaks for itself. Several portraits of James Ashley, who opened it "solely for the better accommodating all Gentlemen who are lovers of Punch," are in existence. He seems to have been an ardent Freemason, and his establishment soon became very popular. It was quite close to another tavern, which, in the early years of the nineteenth century, belonged to the father of John Leech, and was largely patronised by men of letters.

The earliest of Ashley's advertisements appeared in 1731, when he announced his intention of giving his customers a quart of arrack made into punch for 6s. and a quart of rum or brandy so treated for 4s. In it he describes his tavern as "The London Coffee House, Punch House, Dorchester Beer and Welch-Ale Ware-House." In 1755 the indefatigable Ashley was offering "the very best Coniac brandy for sale at 8s. & 3d. a gallon and arrack at 10s. & 14s."

The interior of a London eating-house about the middle of the eighteenth century is very well shown in the print entitled, "The London Alderman's Taste." The City Companies were almost as good customers of the taverner as the countless convivial



A LONDON CHOP-HOUSE IN 1720.  
From a Drawing by H. Bunbury.



THE CROWN AND ANCHOR TAVERN IN 1798.

associations about which to-day we know little more than what may be gathered either from caricatures or the quaint invitation cards now becoming exceedingly rare. The present writer recently came across a bundle of early tavern bills for refreshments provided on various occasions to the members of the Court of the Cutlers' Company, who seem to have favoured the ancient Castle Tavern in Fleet Street, which stood a little to the west of Shoe Lane, and was rebuilt after the Great Fire. The Clockmakers' Company met there both before and after 1666, and the obituary of 1735 records the death of Sir John Tash, knight, alderman of Walbrook Ward, who formerly kept the Castle Tavern in Fleet Street. Sir John was one of the most considerable wine merchants in London, and was reputed to be worth nearly a quarter of a million sterling. Probably the Castle occupied, in the early days of the seventeenth century, a position akin to that filled by the Albion, the London and the Freemason's Taverns in the "eighteen-eighties." Here is one of Sir John Tash's bills:

Expenses of a Dinner at the Castle Tavern in Fleet Street 31st of May 1723, upon taking a view of the (Cutlers')



INTERIOR OF A LONDON TAVERN FREQUENTED BY THE ORDER OF BUCKS IN 1796.



A LONDON TAVERN AT THE BEGINNING OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY





Lord-Lieutenant of Yorkshire and Colonel of Militia. The view of the interior of the tavern, with its formidable array of empty wine-bottles, is excellent.

In the *Epicure's Almanack* of 1815 there is a great deal of interesting information about the taverns which existed a century ago. Of the Crown and Anchor we are told that it possessed three great saloons, the south room being known as the Apollo (borrowed, presumably, from the defunct Devil and Dunstan). "In this apartment," says the compiler, "the celebrated Anacreontic Society hold their national meeting. So characteristically and tastefully is the room fitted up, that it might form no unworthy temple of the god whose name it bears, or at least it might pass for that which he sent Polyhymnia to prepare for the sons of harmony." To-day it has vanished utterly from the face of the earth. The manager of the new Cock "near Temple Bar" would probably be much astonished if some Rip van Winkle asked him to point out "the box at the end of the room, occupied nightly by a knot of sages, who admit strangers into their fraternity on being presented with a crown bowl of punch." The "boxes" or cubicles which are to be seen in nearly all the illustrations of taverns between 1780 and 1850 are now a thing of the past, although many men still living remember having seen Thackeray and Dickens in the "pens" of the Albion in Drury Lane, almost as ancient a tavern as the dead and gone City Albion, once, like the Castle in Fleet Street, the property of a Lord Mayor, who directed its kitchen and cellar in person. "Very's" was, during the occupation

of Paris by the Allies in 1814 and 1815, even more in vogue than the Café des Mille Colonnes, and gave its fame to a still-existing tavern in London. At that time the bill of fare at the "Very" filled four closely-printed folio pages. The French caricature of the English officers who had seemingly dined *chez Very* "not wisely but too well," is almost as amusing as that of the first phase of the Epitiaux who once flourished in the shade of the Opéra Colonade, and whose business was subsequently merged in the Café de l'Europe (a tavern with the orthodox "boxes") on the site of the Little Theatre, now occupied by a popular and prosperous restaurant. Since the dawn of the present century more than one requiem has been sung over the passing of the tavern, which, even in its green old age, continued to promote "the gaiety of nations." The Albion, the London and the Ship-masons', with a century and a-half of history and an unrivalled store of historical associations to its credit, masquerades as the Connaught Rooms.

Mr. Walter Jerrold, in his "Book of Famous Wits," has done something like justice to tavern jests and jest-books, but at some future time the present writer hopes to give further particulars of the curious artistic trade-cards once issued for the London taverner and his provincial contemporaries, as well as of the songs which entered so largely into the tavern gatherings of the Bucks, the Brothers of Harmony, the Hurlothrumbos, the Sols, the Gregorians, as well as into the more serious and select assemblies of the Free and Accepted Masons.

A. M. BROADLEY.

## ON THE GREEN.

BY HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

### FOURSOMES AND FOURSOME COUPLES.

**A**T this moment forty-six couples, or, rather, all that is left of them at the end of the first two rounds, are engaged in the London Amateur Foursome Tournament at Stoke Poges, and so large an entry shows that the foursome is still capable of arousing plenty

of enthusiasm. One of the pleasantest and most interesting things about the foursome is the way in which two players, finding that their respective games and temperaments are suited to each other, come to combine on every possible occasion, and become through this constant association more and more formidable. A meeting of two such couples, the heroes of many fights, has a touch of romance about it inspired by few singles. There are not perhaps so many such couples or such battles as there once were; we seldom hear of a match like that so well described in the *Badminton* by the late Mr. Everard, between Sir David Baird and Mr. Goddard on one side, Sir Robert Hay and Mr. Condie on the other, a set and solemn fight between the older and the younger generation. Nevertheless, there is a certain number of couples among the amateurs who have, apart from the individual prowess of the two partners in singles, earned especial celebrity in foursome play. A few years back, for example, Mr. Edward and Mr. Ernley Blackwell were a famous couple at St. Andrews. Every autumn they would meet another pair of brothers, Mr. Norman and Mr. Mansfield Hunter, and there would be a fine gallery to look on and, perhaps, a little innocent wagering on the result. The Blackwells were generally the favourites, and they had the best of the matches, although

several were very close; indeed, these two were at one time almost invincible, though they were occasionally beaten; once, I think, by another admirable combination, Mr. Charles Hutchings and Mr. John Low.

This combination of Mr. Edward and Mr. Ernley Blackwell was in a way typical of many of the best foursome combina-

tions. Mr. Edward was then to supply the driving—though in these latter days he is also very good on the green—Mr. Ernley to do the putting. The latter plays, alas! but little golf now, and has never had quite the hitting powers of the rest of the family; but, armed with his "snake-in-the-grass" putter—I believe its orthodox name is the "Little Gem"—he is, within twenty yards of the hole, as alarming as any golfer alive. This system of the division of labour is to be found in other well-known combinations. There is one which is nearly unbeatable, at Sunningdale, for instance, Mr. Norman Hunter and Mr. Colt, two players of entirely different styles of play, the one essentially slashing, the other essentially steady. They were beaten last autumn by Mr. Croome and Mr. Scrutton in the annual foursome match against the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society; but they have a long list of wins to their credit. Mr. Colt is a member of a second regular partnership, namely, that with Mr. Croome, who is another long driver. These two once beat Mr. John Ball and Mr. Graham, and that at Hoylake, a really fine achievement. I know no couple that plays the foursome game with so romantic and traditional an air, with such solemn consultations, such looking at the line, such genuine co-operation. It is magnificent and it is also extremely effective.



MR. H. S. COLT.



One would imagine *a priori* that those two would make the best combination who played the same sort of game, and hit the ball the same sort of distance. It may be proved by remorseless logic that this must be so, because then each member will be given shots of exactly the same type that would fall to him if he were hitting his own ball. On the strength of this argument Mr. Edward Blackwell and Mr. Angus Hambro were coupled in the Amateur v. Professional match at Sandwich; but the result was not a success, and on a day of disastrous defeats theirs was the heaviest of all. How far better adjusted a couple were Mr. Blackwell and Mr. "Tony" Fairlie, who won their match together for Scotland in last summer's International at Westward Ho! Presumably the same fatal logic, before alluded to, actuated the English selection committee in this International, when they put in double harness Mr. Scrutton and Mr. L. B. Stevens, both of whom hit the ball a long way and as hard as they possibly can; they were a pair of fine players, but not a fine pair.

No doubt if you can get two people who can both drive perfectly straight and a very long way and both putt like fiends, you may put them to play together with tolerable confidence, but there are few such people in this imperfect world that one driver and one putter make a good compromise. Goodness knows, iron play is important enough, but those who attain the greatest reputations as foursome players are, as a rule, pre-eminently good putters. This at first glance seems curious, because one might argue that, as these players depend to so considerable an extent on their putting, they would prefer a form of game in which they should have all and not only half the putting to do; but here again logic would be entirely fallacious. Such an argument leaves out of account the tremendous influence for good that a partner who can putt has on a player of ordinary frailties. No more is the latter in terror lest he should not get the ball stone dead with the long putt, and for that very reason goes the more boldly for the hole; he is spared many of those nerve-shattering putts of four or five feet which he is always leaving for himself. The removal or, at any rate, diminution of these two anxieties is bound to have a good effect on the rest of his game; he will let out at the ball with a right good will and so fulfil his part of the partnership contract which is to do the spadework. I do not mean niblick play, but the getting of the ball over the ground.

Then, again, the cunning putter is very often a person whose cunning is not confined to the putting green; he can see deep into the weaknesses of human nature, and more especially those of his partners. So he manages to convey without exactly saying so that he himself is a mere miserable, short-driving creature, being hauled round the course by the partner's wonderful brilliancy and stupendous length. To produce this impression exactly as desired is a matter of some delicacy, for there is, in the first place, the danger—a comparatively slight one—of laying on the butter in slabs too glaringly solid; and, secondly, the fear that the partner may think he has too much hauling to do and so attempt to drive all the holes in a single shot apiece. To produce just the right degree of self-complicity in a partner is more than half the battle.

B. D.

#### A SIX-BALL BETTER-BALL MEDAL COMPETITION.

HERE surely is a title to make the boldest quake. There really has been such a competition, however, at Pinehurst, which is one of the Southern courses to which American golfers fly in the cold winter. Six professionals took part, among them being three of those who are to invade us this summer—MacDermott, Brady and Macnamara. The six were split up into couples and then played a better-ball scoring competition. A better-ball match would be bad enough, but when it comes to card and pencil "imagination boggles" at it. I read in the description that six balls "hisssed" straight down the course time after time. That would surely grow wearisome; but think of the twelve putts or so on every green. The spectators, at any rate, cannot have complained that they did not have their money's worth. MacDermott and Donald Ross won with a score of 67, which strikes one as a good performance—with all those balls hissing round them. MacDermott seems to have been playing particularly well since that tragic qualifying round of his at Muirfield last year. If he does not have a fit of going out-of-bounds again—and Hoylake is just the course to bring one on, as I know to my cost—he will very likely do great things here this year.

#### MR. H. S. COLT AND SUNNINGDALE.

Mr. Colt has become so busy in other parts of the world—he is just setting sail for America—that he has been compelled to resign the secretaryship of Sunningdale. It seems impossible to think of Sunningdale without Mr. Colt. Luckily, we have not got to contemplate so complete a disaster, because, although he will no longer be secretary, he will still exercise a general and benevolent supervision over the course for which he has done so much. He has done some dozen years of hard work there, and no man has better earned a rest, even though that rest takes the very arduous form of making other good courses not only in this country, but in Detroit, Chicago, New York and Heaven knows where besides. He has the satisfaction of leaving the Sunningdale course wonderfully improved through his efforts. It has probably always been the most popular of inland courses; but even those who liked it best were not wholly blind to certain weak holes. Now, with two really good short holes, the fourth and eighth, instead of two really bad ones, the thrilling new twelfth and a difficult

seventeenth, not to mention numerous other changes, the course is a worthy monument both to Willy Park, who originally laid it out, and to Mr. Colt, who has tended it with such loving care ever since.

#### BREAKFAST AND ETIQUETTE.

A friend has just sent me, from far away in California, the menu of a golf club breakfast on the back of which is set forth the etiquette of the game. I must pass over the breakfast with the bare mention of five or six out of some fifty items: "Primrose Grits," "Maple Flakes," "Zwieback," "Instant Postum" and "Oolong." They sound very good, and I wish I knew what they were. In the "Etiquette and Ground Rules," however, there is one rule of a delightful simplicity which is worthy of particular mention: "All balls found by caddies become the property of the member he is with." Some years ago an enquirer addressed a question to the editor of a golfing paper on a somewhat similar point. He had found a ball bearing some peculiar mark, by which the ball was identified by another member as his property. The finder wanted to know whether, according to golfing custom, he must surrender the ball, to which the editor replied that he knew of no custom on the point, but referred him to the Decalogue. If he had only lived in California, that enquirer could have kept the ball with a clear conscience.

## MR. A. F. R. WOLLASTON'S ACHIEVEMENT.

IT is with very great satisfaction that we have to record the complete success achieved by the second British Expedition to the Snow Mountains. Carstensz Peak (15,064 ft.), the unattained goal of the first Expedition, believed to be the highest point in the Snow or Nassau Range, has, for the first time, been reached and scaled by Mr. Wollaston. The gratifying information, which reached this country only a few days ago from Amsterdam, was published in the March number of the Journal of the Royal Netherlands Geographical Society (*Tijdschrift Kon. Ned. Aardr. Genootschap*). The message is extremely brief, but after six months of silence and suspense it will be doubly welcome to many who have been anxiously awaiting news of the Expedition. Though few details have been received as yet, we may be sure that the ascent of Carstensz was a prodigious feat, of which Mr. Wollaston and his companions may justly feel proud; for, as we already know, the physical features of the country seemed to offer almost insuperable difficulties in approaching the highest range from the South Coast of New Guinea.



MR. A. F. R. WOLLASTON.

The following translation of a cutting from a Dutch newspaper, kindly forwarded to me by Mr. C. H. R. Wollaston, Secretary of the Alpine Club and cousin of the explorer, tells all that is at present known:

The highly interesting news has recently reached this country that the summit of Carstensz Peak has been climbed, not, unfortunately, by a Dutch Expedition, but nevertheless in co-operation with our countrymen.

On the 17th of February our Minister for the Colonies received from the Governor-General the following telegram:

"Resident Amboina signalled British Expedition and Lieutenant Van de Water commenced ascent of Carstensz on 26th January and reached top on 30th (January). In mountains came across large compound with natives (of small stature (and) very mild character."

From previous communications in the same journal it will be remembered that the British Expedition here referred to is led by the energetic Mr. A. F. R. Wollaston, who also accompanied the British Mimika Expedition to the Snow Mountains in 1910-11, when he exhibited qualities of great perseverance and unusual energy. He was determined to reach the Snow Mountains and climb Carstensz Peak—the highest point—and for this reason was anxious to make a second attempt, better equipped than on the former occasion and by a better route. The new expedition was kept within the smallest possible limits, only Mr. C. Boden Kloss accompanying him; and, according to reports, he was at first anxious to take no military escort, but subsequently accepted the offer of the Malay Government and was accompanied by a small detachment under the command of 1st-Lieutenant A. Van de Water.

A sufficient number of Dyaks, so well fitted for such work, accompanied the British Expedition and took the greatest care of the equipment. What especially increased the chances of success was the fact that Mr. Wollaston chose as a means of access to the mountain chain the Utakwa river, which route (originally also intended for the first British Expedition) had been carefully mapped out by the Dutch Exploration detachment (under Lieutenant Van der Bie and Naval Lieutenant Postema) from the data obtained in 1910, to within a distance of 30 kilometers.

Having arrived in September at the mouth of the Utakwa, this energetic Englishman succeeded in attaining his main object in four months, *i.e.*, in climbing Carstensz Peak, which had proved so difficult of access. We eagerly await further news of his expedition, *inter alia* to learn which of the two or three peaks of Carstensz he ascended, and more especially what observations he was able to carry out.

We will, however, at once do homage to his energetic action and acknowledge the great service he has thereby rendered to Science and the exploration of our possessions in New Guinea. What we especially appreciate on his part—what, moreover, is not always done by ambitious leaders of similar exploring expeditions—is the fact that he allowed the Dutch officer, who was not actually a member of the expedition, to participate in the attainment of the final object, whereby a Nederlander was one of the three Europeans who were the first to reach the highest peak in the Netherlands Colonial Dominion.

In various numbers of COUNTRY LIFE issued between April 16th, 1910, and May 20th, 1911, a series of ten articles will be found in which I contributed a general account of New Guinea, and mentioned some of the more important discoveries made by the members of the first British Expedition during their attempts to penetrate to the Snow Mountains. The official account of that expedition, "Pygmies and Papuans—The Stone Age To-day in Dutch New Guinea," written by Mr. A. F. R.

Wollaston, was published by Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. in June, 1912. Though the work accomplished by the first Expedition added vastly to our knowledge of the fauna of New Guinea, little collecting was done above 4,000ft., and for that reason it was thought advisable to postpone the publication of the scientific results until such time as the second Expedition under Mr. Wollaston, had returned. If, as seems probable, Mr. Kloss and the Dyak collectors have been successful in making collections between 5,000ft. and 10,000ft., and at even greater elevations, we may look forward to receiving many new and remarkable forms in the course of the next few months.

Mr. Wollaston's many friends will rejoice exceedingly over his hard-earned triumph, which has demanded pluck and endurance of the highest quality, and we feel sure that the great services which he and his companions have rendered to science will meet with their due reward. W. R. OGILBYE-GRANT.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE LATE LORD BURTON'S TWENTY-POINTER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—May I add a postscript to my letter on the above subject in your issue of the 8th inst., merely to point out an unsuspected yet decisive fact of which I was unaware when I wrote the letter. Large-scale photographs of the mounted head indubitably prove that the late Lord Burton's twenty-pointer was an ear-marked stag, and not only so, but that the type of ear-mark is of the kind associated with a park herd book. The tip of the right ear has been cut clean off, and below this, on the outer cartilage of the ear, there is a double notch. At the centre of the ear there is the appearance of a third notch, but this may be only apparent, because at the same point the ear has been split transversely in a fight by the brow antler of another stag, and the rent has been stitched up by the



LORD BURTON'S STAG, SHOWING EAR-MARKS.

taxidermist. Stalkers or shepherds who happen upon a wild stag calf cradled in bracken or heather do not ear-mark in this style at all; a single cut with a clasp-knife aslant the folded cartilage meets all the necessities of the case, and the result is an open V at the top or side of the ear. Half the ear may be cut off, but never these elaborate snips. It seems an extraordinary thing that the Glen Quoich stalkers, who decapitated the famous stag and packed the head for transport, should have overlooked the ear-marks, or, alternatively, overlooked their significance. The cut tip and double notch are similar to ear-marks used at Warnham Court in the eighties; and this confirms my humble supposition that the twenty-pointer, from whatsoever park he may have been sent to Glen Quoich, was once a calf at Warnham Court, and, perhaps, a blood-brother to the stags figured in Mr. Millais' photograph as reproduced in COUNTRY LIFE of March 8th. Deer-forest romance embodied in Highland tradition may be searched in vain for a parallel to the strange series of events by means of which a South of England stag, bred in a private park and bearing his birth certificate in his ears, has achieved world-wide celebrity as the Scottish record head. Not the least romantic incident is the topographical fact that Corry-na-Gaul—in the Gaelic of literature "Coire-nan-Gall"—the adopted home of the stag, means in the English tongue the "Corry of the Stranger" or "of the Lowlander," both meanings being alike appropriate to the occasion. Sportsmen interested in the story will find in Mr. Harvie Brown's instructive "Fauna of the North-West Highlands and Skye" a really beautiful photograph by Mr. W. Norrie of Loch Nevis' head (page 58), with the snow-capped cone of Scur-na-Ciche (three thousand four hundred feet) conspicuous in the centre of the distance. The "Corry of the Stranger" lies immediately at the back of the cone, and the Pass therefrom to Knoydart is shown in the picture on the left.—ALLAN GORDON CAMERON.

### "KILLING DEAD."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your idea of that which "kills dead" is clearly not mine. Two birds rose as fair game for the Duke of Bedford's gun. Instead of blazing away only at these two, he chose to waste powder and shot on a third, which never rose at all, and the spent shot merely knocked out a few tail-feathers from the other two birds. The bird which never rose at all might be labelled "Housing," over which the Duke, you and many editors have expended much wasted ammunition. I have never written one word in criticism of the Duke of Bedford's cottages. The two birds which did rise, and out of which I must honestly own the Duke did manage to blow a tail-feather or two, might be labelled "Allotments" and "Extra Earnings." And yet I think you ought to own that the brace got away without bodily hurt. I said in my book, in a sincere effort to get at real wages, taken from labourers and not from employers, that the Duke's labourers earned only 15s. a week, which carried no extras. In this apparently I was in part wrong. The Duke says out of his twenty-two men, one earns 28s. (probably a foreman), while eight earn 15s., with extras that work out to an average of £5 10s. per man. It is not quite clear if this sum is subject to a reduction of £3 for the four weeks' wages during harvest-time. Now, while the Duke honestly owns to paying over a third of his men only 15s. a week, you make the reckless statement that "the wages paid vary from 28s. to 15s. a week," thus giving your well-to-do readers the comfortable assurance of a general

payment of high wages at Ridgmont. I do not think to leave out the number of labourers is quite playing the game. Then, again, in order to gain a point over the second bird, you once more entirely mislead your readers by withholding the Duke's words. You say, "Poultry-keeping is not discouraged," as was asserted, and so far from pig-keeping being forbidden, in the last ten years close on £1,000 has been spent in erecting pig-sties for the cottagers. But it is good to know these facts in order to face the many exaggerated, untruthful statements which have been set afloat. Now, what the Duke said was this: "Neither pig-keeping nor poultry-keeping are discouraged on the estate. *Large has to be obtained.*" The italics are mine. And as to the pig-sties, the Duke's lawyers say "within the last ten years the sum of £961 16s. 9d. has been spent on the Duke's estates for providing pig-sties for the cottage tenants," while they imply that all this money was spent at Ridgmont. The Duke scores a point in telling me that eight out of twenty-one acres of the fields allotments were cultivated with corn in 1912. This shows a distinct improvement since Dr. H. H. Mann's visit. But, unfortunately, His Grace does not tell us of the amount of produce raised on these eight acres over which game is allowed to run. May I point out one important fact which you have omitted from your editorial remarks? which is, that nearly all my statements were quoted from Dr. H. H. Mann's report of his intimate house-to-house enquiry, published by the Sociological Society, of which the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour is president. The fact remains, on the Duke's admission, that eight out of twenty-two men employed round about a great estate receive only 15s. a week, plus extras, and these extras are more than swallowed up in rent. The tragic fact stands out in the face, that the cash wage is insufficient to maintain life in a state of physical efficiency. Your reviewer in his notice of "The Tyranny of the County-side" condemns my book on party lines. He has missed the point, it seems. Your reviewer says that he "could take me to a farm labourer in one of the Home Counties who is returning to the Midlands because a new cottage is to be built near the one he lives in." All I can say to this is that, as the normal human being is a social animal, we cannot frame our laws to suit lunatics only.—F. E. GREEN.

[The greater portion of this letter should have been addressed to the Duke of Bedford. It takes no account of the very slight return made by the estate. A valid claim to increased wages is usually, and very properly, based on proof that capital is absorbing an unfair share of the profits. The housing problem and the wage problem are parts of the same. Since receiving this letter we have carefully re-examined Mr. Green's book in the most impartial spirit, only to find how much more than we at first thought is based on hearsay or one-sided information. His concluding statement that a man is a lunatic because he prefers a house and garden standing by itself among the green fields to one in a village is not very intelligent. On a farm even moderately equipped with cottages, none can be very far from the others, and when everybody else seeks a detached house where he is not overlooked, why not the agricultural labourer?—Ed.]

### WAY-WISERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your interesting note last week on the seventeenth century predecessor of the taxi "clock" which John Evelyn admired in 1657 reminds me that Sir Christopher Wren, an universal inventor, devised one among other "sciographical knacks." He contrived it for Bishop Wilkins, who gave it to the Royal Society. A letter from Wren to the President, Lord Brouncker, dated 1661, and printed in the *Parvularia*, also gives details of how to make "A Needle that would play in a Coach, will be as well useful to know the Coast and Way join'd with the Way-wiser as a pleasant diversion to the Traveller; and would be an acceptable Present to his Majesty, who might thus as it were Sail by Land." Pocket compasses have supplanted this invention, but the Royal Society was doubtless entertained by this as by other signs of Wren's extraordinary versatility.—F. S. A.

### THE ROYAL SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF BIRDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Referring to Mr. Bryden's interesting remarks concerning peregrine falcons on the South Coast, in last week's issue, while agreeing with him as to the good work done by the above society, I must dissent when he says that it is well supported. The particular duty of protecting the nesting sites of rare or scarce birds in this country comes under the charge of the Watchers' Committee of the society, whose scope of work extends from the Shetlands to Land's End. At present the Watchers' Fund for this purpose is supported by a mere handful of people, and though splendid results have been obtained so far as they go, the subscriptions are quite inadequate to undertake what should be done, urgent appeals for help from different parts of the country to protect rare or vanishing species having to be refused. It is surprising, when one considers the large amount of interest now taken in the wild birds of the country, that hardly any





ELEPHANT-SEAL WITH BODY FULLY RAISED.

furtherance of his remarks, for it shows the full extent to which these animals are able to raise themselves, and it will be noticed that the fore flappers are a considerable distance from the ground.—W. S. BERRIDGE.

## FROGS SPENDING THE WINTER AS TADPOLES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Referring to the interesting photograph of tadpoles published in COUNTRY LIFE of February 22nd, and to Professor Boulenger's added note thereto, I do not think that it can be so rare as the Professor imagines for the young of the common frog (*Rana temporaria*) to pass the winter in the tadpole state. That they ever do so in a state of Nature, in this country, may be doubted—I have never come across a case of it—but, confined in aquaria, I have observed, on at least three occasions during the last few years, that a small proportion of a large number of frog tadpoles hatched from spawn collected from different ponds in the spring have not become perfect frogs until the following season. Thus, in 1908, some of the pupils at Miss Thompson's school at Heathfield, Ilkley, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, had a number of tadpoles in a common aquarium in the garden, most of which became frogs, in the ordinary course, during the summer. A good many of them, however, still remained as tadpoles when the aquarium was removed to a warm greenhouse on the approach of winter. A few of these acquired their legs and became frogs from time to time from about Christmas onwards, the two latest not completing the change till after the middle of March and the beginning of April respectively. In each of the two following years several tadpoles were similarly kept at Heathfield through the winter, the only difference being that the aquaria in which they lived were kept indoors—in the greenhouse—throughout the year, and on one occasion one of them did not become a frog until quite the end of April. In every case the treatment followed was much the same. The aquaria were well supplied with weed, on which the tadpoles chiefly subsisted; but a little animal food was available from time to time in the shape of grated flesh, pieces of worms, etc., and this, as usual, was always much appreciated, tadpoles, in my experience, being much readier to take to animal food, even from an early age, than most books on the aquarium might lead us to expect. I may also add that, although on these later occasions fuller notes were made on the progress of the tadpoles, it is many years since I first became aware, through having kept them through the winter, that all tadpoles in an aquarium did not become frogs in the same year in which they were hatched. Some of those which pass the winter as tadpoles become very large—as much as an inch in length, exclusive of their tails, and change from dark brown or black to a greyish colour, mottled and speckled with darker tints, and with occasional bright yellow spots. Their eyes likewise grow very large and handsome, very much resembling frogs' eyes; but with the growth of their legs and the loss of their tails they shrink very much, the resulting frogs in March or April being no larger than their brothers and sisters which left the water in the previous July and August. It seems not unlikely that the cause of the retardation in growth may be a lack of food, where so many tadpoles are crowded together within the limits of an ordinary aquarium.—GEORGE BOLAM.

comes forward to support the only non-local society which is taking serious steps to prevent their extinction.—R. B. B.

## STRANGE POSE OF THE ELEPHANT-SEAL.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—In your issue of March 15th Mr. R. Lydekker writes in reference to the remarkable poses assumed by the elephant-seal, and illustrates his remarks by a photograph showing one of these animals with its head and body raised up, the tip of the fins just off the ground. Possibly the accompanying illustration will be of interest in

## SOLANS NESTING ON BASS ROCK.

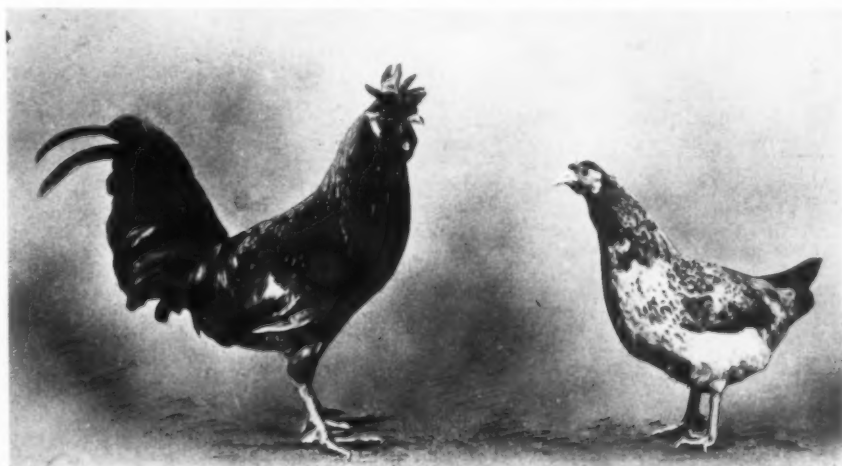
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The third week of January saw several dozen pairs of Solan Geese circling round the Rock, and since then they have, by daily arrivals, rapidly increased till, at the end of February, they were to be seen in thousands. Only on the second of that month, however, did they attempt a landing since their departure at the end of November. Like the albatross, these birds are practically tireless on the wing, and from their departure till their return to their breeding-stations there is no authentic record of their having set foot on shore. During twenty years' experience only a very few instances have come under our notice where solans have been found on shore elsewhere than their breeding stations, and these, in every case, were injured birds or had overgorged themselves with fish. Voiceless on the wing, the moment they land on the rock their strident voices are raised in loud clamourings, each pair billing and cooing amorously. The billing consists of each bird clashing its bill energetically against its mate's, while their heads see-saw from side to side as high as they can hold them, the action reminding one of the whetting of a scythe. And the cooing! An army of battered tin beaters were music in comparison. Last year's nests, on every available ledge of the precipitous cliffs, are undergoing a general overhaul, and all is animation. In most cases the ravages of the winter's gales necessitate rebuilding, and drifting seaweed, generally bladderwrack, is collected for this purpose. This is trampled underfoot on the narrow ledges, and with their bills roughly arranged as a foundation. Save for the final top-dressing of withered grass plucked by the roots on the Rock, all nesting material is collected afloat. Nothing seems to come amiss to these birds, and the most incongruous objects picked up among the flotsam and jetsam of the tide garnish their nests. Golf balls, cork soles, candles, wooden toys, burnt-out rockets, light barrel staves and ends, fragments of herring-nets, rope and twine being a few of the heterogeneous odds and ends met with from time to time. Solans are inveterate thieves, and if a neighbour leaves its half-finished nest for further supplies, a bill-ful is instantly transferred by the next sitter to its own ledge. This is frequently the cause of many duels among them, which, starting on the narrow ledges, generally finish, after a prolonged battle, in the water some two hundred feet below.—J. M. CAMPBELL.

## SICILIAN BUTTERCUPS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—We imported a pen of Sicilian buttercups last autumn, and I think they were the first in England. They are really natives of Sicily, but America has taken this breed up and our pen came direct from the President of the American Buttercup Club. They are charming birds, with green legs and most curious shaped combs, and are attracting a good deal of attention in the poultry world. I enclose one of our post-cards, as it shows what they grow up like. The cock is a buffy red with black tail, the pullets golden yellow speckled with black and black tail and flight feathers. On the post-card the pullet is too young to show her comb, but it is of the same type as that of the cock.—BLANCHE H. STANTON.



COCK AND YOUNG HEN.



SICILIAN BUTTERCUP CHICKS.

## HOUSING IN DEVONSHIRE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The Local Government Board is doing good work in sending its inspectors to address the Rural District Councils on the need of proper housing. Dr. Carnwath was at Bideford on March 11th, and referred to the neighbouring parish of Hartland as the worst in the district for overcrowding. For example, a man, his wife and four children were sleeping in a small, insanitary attic bedroom. I think your readers may be interested in the enclosed photograph of a lane in Hart-



EMBER TONGS.

and. It is undeniably picturesque, and it may be hoped that the necessary raising of hygienic standards will not mean the sweeping away of such cottages. It is generally better, and probably cheaper, to reconstruct than to build anew. I remember you lately illustrated some not dissimilar cottages in Gloucestershire, where a group of four, each of two rooms, had been altered into two of four rooms. The scandal of overcrowding was thus corrected, but the village had not suffered by the substitution of new and ugly cottages for its traditional homes. The need for rehousing the rural population is insistent, but it may be hoped that the methods of Ireland will not be transferred to England. The cottages built there by the Congested Districts Board are unspeakably ugly.—C. G.

## EMBER TONGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The enclosed photograph is of a pair of old ember tongs which were used in olden days for lighting pipes. They are made of steel. One of the top ends is formed into a blunt point with which to press in the tobacco, the other end being flat in order to smooth it down, and the tong part was used to pick up the ember with to light the pipe. There are two pairs of these old ember tongs in the Castle in Lewes.—ELEANOR SHIFFNER.

## MEDIÆVAL DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The photograph I enclose shows the pathway of a street in the old Swiss town of Thun and gives one a little idea how solidly they built in the Middle Ages. In this particular street every other house seems to be an inn, where the real Swiss draught white wine can be had at normal prices, some empty casks of which have evidently been crowded out into the street in the casual and leisurely Thun manner. It is possible to walk all about Thun under cover, these old archways affording an excellent shelter from sun or rain, and they give the town a most picturesque and quaint appearance. Thun is so mediæval and yet so normal that we are deluded into believing we are actually living in the Middle Ages, and, in spite of its being so old and interesting, there is nothing of the show place about it. Probably lying rather out of the tourists' many miles away. The vicar of Levens, the Rev. S. Swann, tells me he learned in Japan to hang bells low and also to strike them with wood. Most of the temple bells of Japan are so hung in the open air and struck. It would be interesting to know if any other church bells are so hung in England.—E. A. GREEVIN.

## THE JAPANESE METHOD OF HANGING BELLS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I venture to send you a photograph of the bells of Levens Church, as I think it may interest many readers of COUNTRY LIFE. The method of sounding the bells is to strike them with a wooden mallet, the man standing in front of the bells on the stone



A STREET IN HARTLAND.

flag. The idea is to give a soft, mellow sound, quite such a volume of sound as metal on metal would make. But this is compensated for by the bells hanging in the open air and all sound being allowed to get away unimpeded. As a matter of fact, they can be heard



THE BELFRY AT LEVENS CHURCH.

four calves at a birth. Sir,—A shorthorn cow belonging to my father, Edwin Matthews of Red Barn Farm, Hereford, gave birth on Friday, February 7th, to four bull calves, all of which lived a few days. The calves were by a shorthorn bull which also belongs to my father. I understand that the event is quite unique. The cow is about eight years old, and my father has had her about four years. She has never, as far as we know, given birth to more than one calf at a time previously.—T. A. MATTHEWS.

## FOUR CALVES AT A BIRTH.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

I think such a case has been recorded before, but even three calves at a birth is a very rare occurrence.—Ed.]



THE ARCADED SIDEWALK TO A STREET IN THUN.



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